

AMERICA

Christopher Columbus

W. Eugene Shiels

Vermont's Way of Life

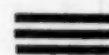
Dan Stiles

Meet South America

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Religious Vocations

Sister M. Christina



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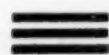
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A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXVIII

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AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

OCTOBER 10, 1942

WHO'S WHO

THIS WEEK

W. EUGENE SHIELS, Associate Editor, was, until his recent appointment to the Staff of AMERICA, a teacher of history at Loyola University, Chicago, Ill., and a member of the Institute of Jesuit History. Father Shiels has specialized in the history of Hispanic America and Mexico and has written extensively on these subjects. He comes to AMERICA at a time when his specialty is of vital interest to all Americans. . . . DAN STILES grew up in Vermont and was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and at Yale and Wesleyan Universities. He is a former newspaper man and is now engaged in lecturing. . . . DR. WILLIAM SEAMAN BAINBRIDGE is a practising New York surgeon of international reputation and co-founder of the International Congress of Military Medicine and Surgery. He has recently returned from an official Government mission to all Central and South American Republics and the important islands of the Caribbean. He received the degree of *Doctor Honoris Causa* from the oldest University in this hemisphere—San Marcos of Peru—"for his signal contributions toward better understanding and good will among the nations of the world." . . . SISTER M. CHRISTINA, I.H.M., teaches at Marygrove College, Detroit, Mich. She gives the results of an interesting questionnaire on religious vocations addressed to those who own one. . . . C. J. MAGUIRE, whose college course was pursued at Fordham University, teaches English in New York. His article will, we hope, inspire some rising young Catholic satirists. . . . THE POETS: J. G. E. Hopkins, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sister Mary St. Virginia, B.V.M., of Clarke College, Dubuque, Iowa; Ray Bernard, of Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala.

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COMMENT

THE most thoughtful consideration to be given to the possible consequences (not to the actual conversations, of which we know little) of Myron C. Taylor's visit to the Pope appeared in the columns of the *Wall Street Journal* for September 26. Felix Morley, president of Haverford College, there made some most profound observations on the influence the Pope is actually having toward shortening the war and assuring a United Nations victory. Pointing out that the conversations do not indicate that there will be any early overtures of peace, Dr. Morley goes on to take a larger view:

But the conversations between the Pope and Mr. Taylor do indicate that the conditions and attitudes and policies which should be fundamental to an eventual and enduring settlement are under consideration. And such consideration may of itself prove an indirect factor of great influence in shortening the duration of the war.

This is so, he continues, because in a total war, which is more a war of morale than of physical weapons

whatever can be done to integrate our war aims with unassailable moral principles is a source of strength for the United Nations, an action subtly yet substantially detrimental to the power of our enemies.

This action the Pope is taking, quietly, unobtrusively, through private audiences, through Encyclicals, keeping, in season and out, these "unassailable moral principles" before the mind of leaders and little people alike. If that calm and reasoned voice will be hearkened to over the din of arms (and thank God that President Roosevelt is willing to listen), the world will be more than inspired to redouble its efforts to root out the immoral principles of Nazism and to establish a just peace. How much sounder this approach than the wildest one of getting tough and "hating like hell."

THE ability to inspire confidence is one of the elements of a real leader. In these days, when we are being berated on all sides (and rather crudely, at times) for our sloth and indifference and smug complacency about being unbeatable, it is stimulating to get a little word of praise. That word of praise was forthcoming from none other than the President, after his 8,745-mile tour of the nation's war plants. He remarked that the war spirit of the rank-and-file American was, generally, better than that of Congress, certain parts of the press and radio and some Administration leaders in Washington. A careful reading of his impressions fails to uncover any false optimism on his part. He would not, any more than Donald Nelson, deny that war production still lags, or any more than Secretary Morgenthau, that the war-bond drive is slow in reaching peak. But while facing these facts,

he has seen fit to pass on a little word of commendation, for which the American public will feel grateful. At least, those who honestly know that they are worthy of that commendation will feel that way—the mechanics and the ship builders and the thousand and one other heroes behind the heroes. Those who realize that they are not yet doing a man's-sized job in winning the war, may possibly be shamed by the President's reasoned confidence into rolling up their sleeves and pitching in. If only now the President and some of those Administration leaders he mentioned, whose castigating speeches, he remarked, he would not have made—if only they can get together and formulate a clear statement as to just what the condition of the country is, it would further help our morale.

HERE is a story told in the columns of a recent issue of *Steel Labor*, official organ of the United Steelworkers of America, C.I.O. A year ago, the Stoner-Maurer Company, of Monroe, Michigan, in the hands of receivers, was preparing to give up business. Officials of Local 2356, U.S.A. suggested to the receivers that, before the sponge was thrown in, the Union be given a chance, in cooperation with management, to see what it could do. Since conditions could not be worse anyhow, the receivers signed a contract with the Local and sat back to see what would happen. They saw plenty—and all of it good. Just one year after the Union was taken into partnership and the brains of the workers were utilized, as well as their brawn, the Stoner-Maurer Company began to see financial daylight. Production was up 300 per cent, wages an average of 68 per cent, back wages and delinquent taxes had been paid. And management, with commendable honesty, gave all the credit to Local 2356 and its progressive leadership. While this is only a small instance, it does reveal strikingly the benefits of labor-management cooperation. There is no good reason why what happened at the Stoner-Maurer Company could not be repeated throughout American industry. Indeed, if it is not repeated, if labor and management do not soon see the benefits of cooperation over class strife, they will not long enjoy the dubious liberty of being able to fight one another. The Government will shackle them both.

ANY glimpse into the promised land of the post-war world is the best possible antidote for "war nerves" and war depression. Particularly interesting and hopeful are the forward-looking plans for rebuilding blighted city areas, reported in *Real Estate Trends*. Private real-estate operatives and Government agencies, such as the Federal Housing Administration, are laying plans for greatly im-

proved housing for families of every income level. *Trends* points out that "proponents of public housing, on the one hand, and private enterprise on the other, are now recognizing that each has a proper function to perform" and they are taking steps to integrate their efforts in an intelligent program. This project has great appeal in these days, when we see vividly what can be accomplished by an aroused nation. What post-war activity would be more worth-while than the elimination of slums and the beautification of cities in a world sick and satiated with the cruelties and destruction of the war years? And the expenditure in money and effort would be but a fraction of what we are now paying to destroy cities and men.

— — —

A REMARKABLE interview, given by the Archbishop of Mexico, the Most Rev. Luis M. Martinez, to Camille Cianfarra of the *New York Times*, should be put on file in the offices of American newspapers. The Archbishop replied to accusations frequently issued by Leftist groups who accuse the Church of political interference:

We have already stated that Catholics should collaborate with the civil government because the latter has the right to decide the course that nations should take in international issues, particularly regarding armed conflict. . . . Our attitude to the Nazis is that expressed by the Holy Father, who has condemned the doctrinal errors of Nazism. . . . On repeated occasions Mexico's Catholic Hierarchy has declared that it has no ties with political or civic organizations. Catholics as citizens have the liberty to organize their political and civil activities in any way they see fit. The Church solely urges them to abide by the general Catholic norms.

He went on to say that "Catholic Action has formed a program of spiritual assistance to all in case there should be armed conflict in Mexico."

— — —

ARCHBISHOP Mooney of Detroit, Chairman of the Bishops' War Emergency and Relief Committee, has received a letter from Bombay, India, assuring him that American relief supplies are reaching Polish refugees in Soviet Russia. Motor caravans go out from Bombay carrying clothing, medical supplies and food up to the Indian border. The emptied trucks bring back Polish refugee children, four hundred of whom have already encamped by the seashore, in quarters built for them by an Indian Maharajah. The Indian people have been most sympathetic; two other Maharajahs have promised housing facilities for 10,000 children. This relief has been possible through the generosity of American Catholics who have contributed most charitably, thereby enabling the Bishops' Committee to make about \$750,000 available for Polish relief. One typical relief expedition carried sixty tons of clothing, medicine and food.

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HARD-BITTEN Major W. E. Fairbairn, author of *Get Tough* and maestro of bare-handed mayhem, is now concerned about the ladies. No longer are

"helpless" and "defenseless" the proper maidenly and matronly adjectives. We live in hard days. With dim-outs, the overflow of violence from the battlefields into society, and woman's new status in industry, a lady's place is likely to be anywhere but in the home. A companion volume to *Get Tough*, entitled, charmingly enough, *Hands Off!* will shortly appear. A preliminary sequence of illustrations portrays a harassed lady using her spiked heel to definite advantage, twisting her assailant's little finger into a knot, butting him under the chin. In the hands of this capable Amazon, an umbrella becomes a positive battle-axe. As the Major points out "an umbrella in a woman's hands can break a man's hold, break his jaw, blind him, crush his Adam's apple. In fact, it can kill him." No longer, apparently, is the normal decency of average men plus the supplementary interference of the police a sufficient protection. The development of culture and the decadence of chivalry have alike entered on a new phase.

— — —

THEY met at the best place anyone can meet—at Mass—the white priest at the altar, the little colored boy serving him, and he served well. After Mass they shook hands, and had breakfast together. Then, as they were going the same way, they took the subway together. You can't talk much in subways, you know, unless you want to scream, and the priest was, we hope, a refined person—the little colored boy certainly was. So they sat rather quietly, except at the stops, when they would exchange a few remarks. The train roared into the station where the priest was to get off, leaving the boy to go further. The priest got up, shook hands with his little colored friend, said good-bye and walked to the door. As he passed the subway guard, who had been standing in the car vestibule watching all this, said that individual: "That's rather unusual, Father." Now, we wonder—why should it have been?

— — —

VANDALISM in libraries and art museums shocks all civilized people and definitely marks a nadir of culture and ordinary decency. Dr. Milton James Ferguson, Chief Librarian of Brooklyn, has pointed out in a recent editorial in the October issue of the library bulletin, that these depredations are increasing. Expensive copies of encyclopedias and many rare books on art and other precious volumes have been mutilated beyond repair or stolen. The more violent destruction, including the breaking of expensive library windows and the defacing of ornaments, is, of course, the work of morons, but the practice of tearing out pages, instead of copying desired material, is becoming quite usual. There will always be selfish and ignorant people with no regard for the rights and feeling of others but this increase in vandalism may be due in part to the ruthlessness of the world in general. When cathedrals, libraries, galleries and gems of ancient architecture are being bombed into rubble—small-time vandals are merely catching the spirit.

BRAVING a lowering sky, a notable crowd assembled for the Holy Name patriotic service at Yankee Stadium, New York, Sunday, September 28. Calling for a "second front of prayer," Archbishop Spellman said:

We Americans have worked hard, studied hard and played hard. However, as a people we have neglected to pray hard.

During the ceremonies, a flag was raised to honor the Holy Name men of the Archdiocese, 52,647, now in the armed services; and a plaque was presented to Mrs. John Powers, mother of the gallant young aviation Lieutenant whom President Roosevelt cited in his speech of September 7.

WITH the formation of a Massachusetts League of Decency, the Catholic Women of that Commonwealth have arraigned themselves militantly against the Birth Control Referendum on the November ballot. "I enlist the services of all who believe in the law of God to defeat birth control," declared the Hon. Frederick W. Mansfield, ex-Mayor of Boston, to the Catholic Council. In a carefully prepared public statement, Governor Saltonstall said that he personally would vote "No"—that is, against the referendum. But the Governor insisted that he was acting as an individual in so voting, not as Governor nor as a candidate. His opponent in the gubernatorial contest, Mayor Roger Lowell Putnam of Springfield, had previously attacked the birth-control measure as "iniquitous legislation," according to Religious News Service.

CATHOLICS of the Kansas City Diocese have been exhorted by their Bishop, the Most Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, to attend daily Mass; thereby substituting themselves for those in the armed services who are unable to attend Mass, and for those in civilian life who have become lax in attendance, owing to their disturbed routine.

FACING one of the most vexing social problems of our day with realism and fearlessness, the Fordham School of Social Service will inaugurate a course this year on "Negro Social Work and the Negro Community." The course, one of four to be added to the curriculum, will be given by Rev. John LaFarge, an outstanding authority in the interracial field. This ancient problem has recently come up in such issues as discrimination in the armed forces and defense industries; it cannot be shrugged off, and failure to work it out successfully will leave democracy with a very ugly social sore.

EULOGIZING their sainted founder, Saint Ignatius, and praising them for their four centuries of educational work, Bishop Hafey of Scranton welcomed the Jesuits, who this year take over the administration of Scranton University. The Bishop spoke at a Solemn High Mass of the Holy Ghost, which opened the school year, September 23. Alert awareness of the country's war needs and the part education must play in our war effort have dictated certain changes in policy and curriculum. There is

a new pre-engineering school, wider facilities for scientific study in Freshman year; and Army, Navy and Marine Corps Reserves programs are in progress. With Scranton airport offering convenient field work, a group of enlisted men are studying aviation.

SPLENDID tribute was paid to Most Rev. Miguel de Andrea, Titular Bishop of Temnus and Director of the Catholic Workers' Center, Buenos Aires, by Under-Secretary of State Sumner Welles. Mr. Welles was host to Bishop de Andrea in Washington on September 22. It was a farewell dinner to the South American prelate on the eve of his return to Buenos Aires, after his visit to this country for the Inter-American Seminar on Social Studies. Said Mr. Welles:

I have known Bishop de Andrea as a friend for over twenty-five years. In the course of that time, I have followed with admiration his career as a churchman, as shepherd of his flock, as a great humanitarian, and, on the occasion of his present visit to the United States, as a great statesman. . . . His visit to this country has been productive of great benefits to the relations between the peoples of our two countries. . . .

Many distinguished guests attended the dinner, the Apostolic Delegate, Ambassadors, Ministers, Senators and Government dignitaries.

CATHOLIC school children of New Orleans, attending public schools, will have "released time" in which to study their religion, an N.C.W.C. dispatch discloses. By arrangement with August Tete, superintendent of schools, children may be excused by principals and teachers at 2:45 p.m. on Tuesdays and Fridays, provided they have written requests from their parents asking that they be so excused.

ENTERING the fourth year of war, Catholics in Jamaica joined with other subjects of the British Empire in the National Day of Prayer for Victory and Peace, requested by King George VI. Bishop Emmet offered Holy Mass in the Cathedral at Kingston on the morning of Thursday, September 3, anniversary of Britain's entry into the war. In the evening there was a Holy Hour. On the following Sunday the solemn observance was held. Bishop Emmet again pontificated at Mass and preached a sermon.

SACRIFICE, courage, determination—these are the qualities which should characterize the Catholic's attitude towards the war, according to Archbishop Joseph F. Rummel of New Orleans:

We are hoping and praying emotionally that the war may be shortened and touch us but gently, when in reality we should be on our knees praying daily for courage, strength and endurance against the day when the reality of the conflict will come home to us, perhaps all too grimly. We are indulging in idle curiosity and senseless gossip about submarine losses, when we should more profitably fight down pessimism, defeatism and indifference.

The Archbishop was addressing a luncheon meeting of the Cooperative Club in New Orleans.

THE NATION AT WAR

RENEWED fighting has taken place in the Solomon Islands, all of it on Guadalcanal Island. Our Marines there hold a stretch of beach about six miles long on the north side of the island, which is some eighty miles long and forty miles wide. The Japanese have troops on the rest of the island. They constantly attack the Marines on land, in the air, and from the sea, using submarines and surface vessels. They keep the Marines busy day and night, sometimes with serious attacks, none of which has yet succeeded. There has been interference with the arrival of supplies, and the Marines are on short rations.

Statistics on sinking of ships are hard to check, as neither side gives any full account. In general, it appears that sinkings of Allied ships off American shores have sharply declined, due to efficient measures taken by the United States Navy, assisted by Canadian and British forces.

Losses in convoys occasionally occur, and have recently been serious in convoys going to or returning from north Russian ports. These are attacked by packs of submarines and at the same time by planes flying from north Norway. To protect the ships from air attacks, aircraft carriers go with the convoy, and furnish planes to defend the ships. This has reduced Allied losses, but has not eliminated them. Nights in the Arctic are lengthening, which will afford more darkness to conceal the ships.

In Egypt, the British conducted a raid between September 14 and 22. This passed around the hostile front and penetrated to the important Axis seaports and bases in Libya of Barce and Bengazi, 500 miles back of the front. The bases were too well defended to be taken, but adjacent airfields were overrun, and planes caught on the ground were destroyed. All raiders were on motor vehicles, which is the modern method, replacing cavalry.

Stalingrad has been holding. The Russians here hold a strip on the west side of the Volga River about thirty miles long and one to five miles deep. It includes Stalingrad and adjacent towns. Germans and Rumanians are attacking at places from the outside of the semi-circle by driving wedges into the Russian lines. The main wedge is reported to have gone through the center of Stalingrad and to have reached the river, thereby dividing the thirty-mile strip into two segments of about fifteen miles each. Next step would be to divide the fifteen-mile segments by new wedges to form still smaller ones, and so on, until nothing is left.

Efforts to relieve Stalingrad by attacks from the north have failed. So have other Russian attacks to open a way into Leningrad, and to drive the Germans away from Rzhev and Voronezh. The Russians have been magnificent on the defensive, but notwithstanding most bitter fighting, and sometimes superior numbers, they have not been very successful on the offensive.

The British have captured Tananarive, the capital of Madagascar. The French force defending it surrendered.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

TO THOSE who watched the debate in the Senate in the closing days of September, when that august body was discussing the Emergency Price Control Bill, otherwise known as the anti-inflation bill, one reflection became paramount, and that is that two groups of people can be right and yet, in spite of thousands of words, never get together on a real understanding of the issue itself.

The Administration forces were thinking principally in terms of war and of the inevitable inflation that must occur in war, unless controls are introduced to avoid it. The so-called farm bloc was thinking in terms of the welfare of a very important part of our population and desperately striving to secure for it insurance against loss of a livelihood. But as far as I could see, neither side thought of the case of the other side, except, perhaps, Senator Danaher of Connecticut, who in a very able speech on September 29, endeavored to see both sides at once, with the inevitable result.

Now it was very clear that the representatives of the farmers did not want inflation, which would ruin them as well as everybody else. And it is equally clear that the Administration did not want the farmers to slump into depression, because of November next, if not for any other reason. It was, from the public point of view, a misfortune that a bill that was designed from the beginning to achieve one good result, insurance against inflation, ended up by being something very different, and equally good, a bill of relief for the farmers.

The crux of the matter, of course, was something which, to this observer at least, was a matter which it is very doubtful the Administration foresaw at the start. It reminds me of the time back in 1929 when, at Senator Borah's advice, the then new President Hoover called a special session of Congress to pass a new tariff act—in Borah's mind a revision downward—which resulted in the Smoot-Hawley Act, a revision upward, and, in the opinion of many, a principal contributing cause of the present World War. I do not say that we are being involved in future wars, but it is true that any current event is usually the outcome of some obscure past event that nobody at the time thought anything but current politics.

What the Administration seems to have overlooked when it called for a farm-price-control bill was that farm-labor costs enter essentially into farm prices. With unerring accuracy, the farm bloc drove at this point, and made this the main point at issue. It was a main point. But because it was overlooked, in my opinion, the debate dragged out into unconscionable lengths. It is true that the farms have lost the bulk of their labor to the Army and to the defense industries. The result is that if the farmers are to have any labor at all, next Spring—the harvest is mostly in—they must be able to pay wages comparable to what industry is paying. This is the parity which they demanded. The debate as a whole, in the opinion of many, missed the main point of all, the good of the consumer, the common good.

WILFRID PARSONS

COLUMBUS FACED THE UNKNOWN TO BROADEN WORLD HORIZONS

W. EUGENE SHIELS

IN the midst of our present critical struggle to preserve the American way of life, the entire western hemisphere pauses next Monday to mark the anniversary of the event that began that life. Night was far along on that October 11, 1492. The sailors on the urging of Columbus were keeping a special alert, watching for signs of land. The ships scudded before a gale that took them sixty-five miles since sundown. Suddenly at two in the morning the lookout on the *Pinta* made out sand-cliffs about six miles off in the descending moonlight. The cry went round the fleet. Sails were reefed, and the ships stood off for fear of foundering on rocky shores, until dawn broke and a landing could be made. The expedition then disembarked on the Bahaman island of San Salvador. They gave thanks to God, and in the name of the Cross and of Ferdinand and Isabella the Admiral celebrated the first stirrings of the American nations.

It is now four hundred and fifty years since that famous day, and though we may feel that men should by this time know quite well what happened then, the scholars of Europe and America still continue their search for the full truth. The supreme importance of the discovery justifies every effort to gain a complete knowledge of its circumstances. The difficulties involved in the study, however, are so great that Nowell, our best contemporary authority on the voyage, thinks that "the problem of Columbus calls for a super-scholar, versed in many fields of learning other than history." With some the debate centers on the obvious queries as to the nationality of the discoverer, the integrity of his character, his technical ability, his skill as a mariner, the object of his search. More complex questions concern the documentation of the whole matter, and various points regarding the science of navigation, such as the information Columbus gained of magnetic variation, and the kind of "dead reckoning," if that was what it was, used by the Admiral, say, on the return from the first voyage.

Columbus had an exceptional preparation for undertaking the discovery. He was manning the ropes from boyhood days, when he accompanied Genoese sailors to the eastern Mediterranean and out onto the Atlantic highway to Britain. On one such ocean run a hurricane dispersed his fleet. It was a providential blow, for it brought him into the service of the noted Portuguese mariner Perestrello, whose daughter he took in marriage and whose understanding of the sea and of colonial administration

—Perestrello was a founder in the Canaries—was generously imparted during the months of voyaging and of residence with this distinguished captain. In Lisbon, too, and from those who had studied at the school of Prince Henry in nearby Sagres, Columbus learned the art of cartography and the data on the southern seas that was the common property of men who for decades had been sailing far down the coast of Africa. As he observed these daring sailors charting new shores and giving to Europe a fresh horizon, his own soul was moved with an absorbing ambition to find the solution for the great maritime problem of the day. He would sail straight west to find the East.

The death of his beloved wife, Feliz, led him to leave Lisbon with his son and to ask the hospitality of La Rabida near Palos. There he left little Diego, while he set out to find royal approbation.

For eight years he pursued his quest, painful years of waiting for one so certain that his discovery would bring much benefit to mankind. There were many reasons why he did not succeed more quickly. The rulers of Spain had no desire to offend the peaceful and powerful king of Portugal who claimed all the lands below and beyond the Canaries. Within Spain all possible force and wealth were being mobilized in the final effort of the Reconquest, the crusade for civil and religious liberty against the Mohammedan, and only a regime gifted with exceptional foresight could be expected to offer substantial help toward oceanic discovery during so imperative a national campaign. That he won royal support was one of his major triumphs.

Friends, indeed, advised and sponsored Columbus, but the driving force in all the enterprise came from within the man himself. He personally confronted the learned commission on geography and asserted his sure conviction, with proof such as a discoverer might adduce, that he would find the direct passage to the Orient. At last Isabella promises her official backing to the proposal, and Columbus and his co-planners raised the means that would make it a reality.

On the third of August, in that memorable year, three small ships—in overall length seventy-four feet, thirty-eight feet, and a like measure for the proud little *Nina*—slipped down the Odiel and made for open water. Southwest to the Canary Islands they followed a well-worn course, but when they lifted anchor at Gomara and rounded Ferro, the westernmost land known to the Old World, they

became pioneers on the roads of the broad ocean. The narrative of that voyage will match anything in the literature of historic travel. The leaders and the crews deserve all the respect given them by posterity.

Columbus and the Pinzon brothers knew that easterly winds blew with the waters of the North Equatorial Current on which they ran. Others before them had learned that by actual trial. Time came, though, when the favoring winds gave out and the fleet entered absolutely unmapped regions. Shortly afterward they ran into the dead calm area known now as "The Doldrums." From that point onward the Admiral had to summon all his navigational skill and power of command over the men, if he would carry them on course to the meridian 750 leagues west of Ferro where he assured them land would be found.

He did find land, not the Japan for which he was making, but the entry to a new hemisphere of the world. The currents and Caribbean winds literally forced him up against San Salvador. Here a stay of two days made it clear that, though he had discovered an ocean way altogether unknown to man, still he was not in Asia but in the "islands of the Ocean Sea." Lifting sail he steered southwesterly, expecting shortly to touch on the dominion of the Grand Khan. But Haiti rose up before him, and with Haiti the demand of the sailors that he go no further but make for shore and safety, food and water, repair of the ships, and a quick journey homeward.

The realistic limits of the sailors' thoughts could not comprehend any further gain in cruising through these waters. Some of their leaders were none too loyal to their previous promises. Columbus accordingly abandoned the westward course. He founded Navidad, revictualled, scraped his timbers, took on a varied and interesting cargo, and then like an arrow drove straight to the Azores, the Tagus, and on to Spain and glory.

He was the bearer of such news as had never before come to Europe. Marco Polo with all the glamor of his story had yet but expanded the known, with his tales of the Far East. Columbus did not follow the overland routes, of Alexander, Genghis Khan, or the Seljuk Turk. He struck out over water nearly a quarter of the way round the earth, and went twice as far across the open sea as any captain before him. In a sea-faring age, that was the great accomplishment. Beyond this, he found rich new sub-tropical islands with their yield of spices, rare woods, and promise of precious metals. And he brought great new possessions to his sovereign.

Throughout 1493 he was a hero. At Barcelona, after an overland trip, he found Isabella and Ferdinand, and the royal welcome corresponded to the elation of his spirit at his own discovery. The discovery was officially approved, as were his titles to keep and rule these new lands in the new-found ocean. His maps were passed from hand to hand among the savants. His Indians, brought for just an occasion like this, roused universal wonderment and a will to sail with him on his next voyage.

Gifts of the Queen enabled him to go about with the external signs of honor and to assemble a new fleet. Fifteen hundred colonists secured crown permission to cross over to the new colony. The queen decreed a preliminary code of laws and organized an ecclesiastical system for "Little Spain" or Hispaniola. The second expedition soon got under way.

Columbus was now riding the high tide of success. He had won the title of a full admiral. He could lay his finger on his map with grand pride and point out to the passengers the course he would sail, the hazards he had overcome, the bounteous opportunities he had made for them. He had been named the Captain-general and Governor of those islands across the ocean, and he would take his feudal income from the profit of industry and commerce in his new domain. His faith in the future was as unshaken as it had been on his first voyage, when he was accustomed to end the account of each adventure with the prayerful couplet: *Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via!* Had Heaven not favored him!

He was to learn the hard lesson that meets every Christian soul, the lesson of suffering from his own limitations and from the lack of understanding and gratitude in other men. He was a man of great ideals and great powers. Relying on his own strong convictions and his determined spirit he had conquered the terror of mankind, the wide western ocean. Returning for further conquest he found increasing opposition and final defeat.

He made the mistakes that any other might and did make after him. On his first voyage he took along a person specially coached, appareled, accredited, for presentation to the Grand Khan when that prince should be encountered. He never found him. Again, he was unequal to the civil administration, though he continued to bring over colonists, plants, trees, seeds, domestic animals, everything to make a colony prosper. When he was hunting for proof of a nearby continental area, he sailed into and right out of the delta of the fresh-water Orinoco. And on his last voyage, by just a little more foresight and daring he might have won the fame of Balboa in an attempt to climb the ridge of the Isthmus. In all, he made four attempts to follow his original plan and find a way to the Orient. His failure saddened him down to his death.

Some say that no greater mariner ever sailed the seas than the discoverer of America. No doubt he was an extraordinary navigator, but his eulogists must contend with Magellan, Diaz, Cabot and Drake. Not a good sailor nor an experienced pilot, he did have the rarer power of drawing to himself men of unusual abilities. His chief asset was what we call his "vision." Like all great men he felt his mission, the mission of a discovery that would bring blessing to his fellow men and glory to his Maker. He would cut across rejected and untried paths and open up the hidden secret of the ocean. Checkmated sometimes by lesser men, and sometimes by his own miscalculations, he nevertheless left a magnificent achievement, the permanent foundation in the western hemisphere. He not only began modern history. He gave us America.

THE VERMONT WAY OF LIFE INCLUDES COOPERATIVES

DAN STILES

CERTAIN attitudes are fundamental in the Vermont way of life. In their thinking and, to a large extent, in their living, Vermonters have never emerged from the agrarian age of self-sufficiency which preceded the industrial revolution. When they want something, their first impulse is to get it or make it themselves. They go to a store or a shop or an artisan as a second choice.

Clifford Perry, to take an example of a typical Vermonter, lives in the West River valley. He inherited his home place and has kept it clear, so that rent and mortgages are completely outside his experience. His fuel is wood which he cuts, hauls, saws and splits himself. He raises a considerable part of his own food, keeps a cow or two for milk and butter, and a few chickens. A spring on his own land supplies water. He is his own plumber, mason, carpenter when small jobs around the house need doing. For occasional cash income he works on the road or does odd jobs for the neighbors. He has never had regular employment in his life and does not want it. He thinks in terms of living rather than of making a living.

Not all Vermonters are like that. But all Vermonters are steeped in the same general philosophy. Even those who have worked in shops or offices all their lives have, over the years, built up around their home places a partly self-sufficient establishment so that loss of employment for a time is not even inconvenient. They have been practising for a century what Henry Ford has been advocating as a new idea—that factory workers live in the country on a piece of land big enough to get them through periods of seasonal unemployment. The difference between the two systems is that in Vermont the home place comes first, the job second. It is that attitude which suggests that Vermont has never fully accepted capitalism.

It is possible to dismiss Clifford Perry as a character and to say of the rest of the Vermonters that while they profess to have a different outlook, they actually live much as other people. You might even say that Clifford Perry's way of life is more the result of inertia than plan. But if you are tempted to regard the philosophy of individual Vermonters as without significance, you cannot so lightly brush aside the record of what that same philosophy has achieved through group action. You can not dismiss the near 100 cooperative enterprises now flourishing in Vermont, nor the growing tendency of Vermonters to push cooperative enterprise into

more and more fields. This is something you can see and touch and evaluate. It is the same general idea. The individual Vermonter lives on a plan of production for use; the cooperatives are groups of Vermonters extending this principle into fields where individual action would accomplish nothing. Clifford Perry gets his water from a spring, his fuel from the forests, his food from the soil. Not everybody can or will live so simply; those who cannot live that way can join together in cooperatives to take the profit out of the production and distribution of essential services and commodities.

What Vermonters have achieved so far in that direction is little short of amazing. There are areas in Vermont where a man can insure his house and buildings against fire through a cooperative fire-insurance company; where he can borrow money from a credit union; where he gets his electricity from a municipally owned power plant, or over the wires of cooperatively owned Rural Electrification Administration power lines; where he can sell his milk and dairy products through a cooperative creamery, his maple products through a merchandising cooperative; buy his feed and grain at a cooperative market, get his food and groceries at a cooperative store; build a home or repair farm buildings with a loan from a cooperative building-and-loan association. These organizations were not built by inertia. They are the result of a philosophy which amounts to a conviction, plus endless hard work. Vermonters do not claim to have invented anything new in the cooperative field. They discovered that the cooperative idea suited their needs admirably and they have taken to it whole-heartedly. Senator George D. Aiken was not greatly overstating the matter a few months ago when he said that "Vermont is the most cooperative-minded State in the Union."

It would be a gross error to suppose, however, that cooperatives sprang into being in Vermont as naturally and inevitably as a new crop of stones appears each year in Vermont fields. There must be first a compelling motive; a Vermonter must find himself in a nearly intolerable situation before he will consider making a change. After such a situation develops, there is a long period of discussion while the Vermonter seeks to decide if the change he is contemplating will be for the better. If the proposed cooperative survives this period of argument, the project is undertaken, generally in an air of heavy and vocal skepticism. After things

seem to be going satisfactorily, opposition begins to taper off. Finally comes a period when most of the community affected will admit that they "guess it's all right."

The new cooperative creamery at Middletown Springs is typical of all such enterprises in Vermont. I grew up in Middletown, in the days of brass-bound Buicks, summer boarders and Teddy Roosevelt, and I often go back there. I heard a little talk about a cooperative creamery in the 1920's, when the milk companies were having all their own way with the farmers. Things came to a head in 1936 when the company serving the Middletown area pulled out on ten days' notice. Thurston Lewis and a handful of other farmers decided they had been kicked around long enough and figured the time had come to try a cooperative. They called a meeting which drew an attendance of one hundred. There was no general enthusiasm for a cooperative but the group did agree to put their milk in the hands of the Lewis coterie for disposal. "At the time," Lewis recalls, "milk was in the flush period and as plentiful as water and about as saleable." He and his friends were able, however, to find a new market for their milk before the ten days were up. As the price for that brilliant stroke, the Lewis group insisted that a cooperative organization be formed. Every farmer whose milk was marketed by the Lewis group was assessed five cents a hundredweight for the cooperative treasury. But the price of milk was going down and when it got to the ridiculous figure of sixty cents, the levy had to be abandoned. However, the farmers were learning their lesson.

In 1939, although there was still opposition to the cooperative idea, the Lewis group believed they had sufficient support to go ahead. They had only \$2,500 in their treasury, and a creamery building and equipment would cost \$52,000. But Vermonters think in terms of things, not money. They wanted a creamery and their problem was to get it with what they had—farms, homes, character, and the capacity to produce milk. They achieved their objective through personal promissory notes, horse-trading with equipment companies and banks, and the application of two of Calvin Coolidge's cardinal principles: perseverance and determination. The creamery opened in the fall of 1940 and in the intervening two years has paid off all but \$10,000 of the original cost. More than 100 farmers bring their milk to it. They own it and run it, and any profit from its operation goes back into their own pockets. There are similar creameries all over the State.

The cooperative fire-insurance business is the most striking example of Vermont's determination to take the profit out of essential services. The first company was organized in 1915. There are now three with a total of \$75,000,000 at risk. That takes in considerably more than half of all the insurable farm property in the State. The average rate of assessment of all three companies since their organization is about \$3.50 a thousand a year, with no extras. Only six cents of each dollar collected is used for administration of the business; the rest

goes back to policy-holders to cover losses. This low operating cost is achieved by economy at the home offices.

Abram Foote is considered the father of the business. His son, Charles N. Foote, now secretary of one of the companies, recalls that his father was a firm believer in the principle that a dollar saved is a dollar earned. The elder Foote got the necessary laws through the legislature and fought down most of the early opposition practically single-handed. Agents of the established companies labored mightily, of course, to kill the cooperative. Since many of them were town officers, bank directors and responsible folk in their communities, they were able to exert a good deal of pressure. But, as Mr. Foote remarks, "Vermonters, as usual, knew what they wanted and they got it."

One of the newest cooperative ventures in Vermont is the consumer store. The first was started on a shoestring seven years ago at a rural crossroads where there was no competition. This is now doing a good business. A short time ago a second was started in a village and it, too, is winning its fight with established retail stores.

Vermonters have long considered electric power a fruitful and proper field for cooperative enterprise. Hundreds of rushing streams cry out night and day that power should be cheap, that it belongs to the people. Several small communities, and the State's largest city, Burlington, have municipal plants. The State recently completed a survey of its electric power resources and public power advocates finally got an enabling act through the legislature. It is not as broad as the cooperative power leaders would like, but it extends guarded permission for the construction of municipal plants.

Vermonters at the same time were toying with the idea of extending power lines into country areas cooperatively, under the aegis of the New Deal's Rural Electrification Administration. Vermont's approach to the REA followed the same general pattern of initial reluctance, discussion and final approval which have characterized the entire cooperative movement in the State. She was the forty-third State to sign up but is now one of the most enthusiastic. The combination of people-owned power plants and transmission lines may some day bring cheap electricity to every Vermont home. To a Vermonter such a program is not socialism; it's common sense.

These waters were considerably muddied a few years back by Vermont's protest over the Federal flood-control and power program. It was assumed outside Vermont that the opposition sprang from an inherent Republican antagonism to anything proposed by a Democrat. What Vermont objected to was exercise of control by outsiders in Washington: Democrats, Republicans, or the D.A.R., it made no difference. Vermonters have shown they are willing to accept New Deal money for the extension of power lines and they do not mind if Federal money is involved in the production of two-cent power—as long as they can run their own show.

Vermont's willingness to accept Federal money

for power lines throws some interesting light on the State's attitude toward the proposed Green Mountain Parkway of several years ago. This project, combination park and motor road from one end of the State to the other, was conceived by State planners as a legitimate way of getting ten to fifteen million dollars of Federal money in the pump-priming days. After hearing all the arguments, the State turned the project down. Again it was assumed that politics was the principal factor. Republican orators and editors heaped lavish praise on the one State in the Union that would not be bought. A close inspection of the referendum vote suggests, however, that Vermonters, employing their customary realism and hard-headedness, had judged the proposal strictly on its merits and had rejected it because they felt it would do them more harm than good. Towns in the northern part of the State, which would have benefited from the greater flow of traffic, which such a parkway would bring, voted for it. Towns in the valleys voted against it because they were fearful that it would divert tourist trade from their streets. There were more votes in the valleys.

It is a temptation to call the roll of the complete list of Vermont cooperatives as a means of underlining the infiltration of the cooperative movement and idea into every corner of Vermont life. Perhaps it is enough to note that with a population of 350,000, Vermont has some sort of cooperative for every 3,500 persons. This is far above the national average and compares well with Wisconsin, which has one for every 1,500 people. It should be noted, too, that many of the leaders of the movement in Vermont are thinking beyond the immediate savings available through cooperation. One of them said recently that he believes the cooperative movement "points to the only peaceful way out of the present economic and international dilemma." The farther Vermonters travel along this road, the farther they get from the Grand Old Party. It is not unthinkable, indeed, that the time may come when they, like their cooperative brethren in the Old Northwest, will cast tradition to the wind and elect Democrats, Progressives, Farmer-Laborites and Socialists as regularly as they now elect Republicans.

Calvin Coolidge caps this picture very neatly. Coolidge was a Vermonter first, a Republican second. The people of the Plymouth hills, among whom he grew up, left their stamp upon him and, even after he came to sit at the council tables of the mighty in Washington, he still set greater store by the small earthy things of Vermont life. Bob Follett of Townshend tells this story: Milk from the Coolidge farm in Plymouth, operated by the President's father, was sold at the cooperative creamery in Bellows Falls. When the elder Coolidge died, Cal came up from Washington to tend to things. During that week he found time to drop in at the creamery personally and instruct the manager to send the monthly milk check thenceforth to the White House. One imagines that if the check had ever been late, Bellows Falls would have heard about it.

MEET OUR NEIGHBORS BELOW THE RIO GRANDE

DR. WILLIAM SEAMAN BAINBRIDGE



ISOLATIONISM essentially is as old as man. It is the defense of introverts who withdraw within themselves with a sense of self-sufficiency. To them the difficulties and interests of others often seem far removed. Like the proverbial ostrich, they believe that if they keep their heads and eyes hidden, that which they do not wish to see will pass them by. Their minds are closed to everything outside their own personal lives. While it is true that by this means they may escape much unhappiness, in the same proportion the beauty and excitement of the passing scene will be lost to them. It recalls to mind the incident of the man who was asked by his wife to meet his neighbor. "But," he remonstrated, "I do not like him." "You do not know him," answered his wife, "and once you do, you will like him." "That's the trouble. I fear I may." Sooner or later individuals, no matter how reclusive they may endeavor to be, how unwilling to be a factor in the general scheme of things, find themselves forced into the orbit of mankind's activities. The same is true of entire nations.

There is often a cleavage between people and nations, artificially hatched and meticulously nurtured by a carefully evolved system on the part of those who have a malicious or evil intent. The Axis Powers, by a skillful plan, have been far too successful in fostering disunity among the countries of the world and even among individuals of the same country. So ingenious has been the working of this plan in many respects that whole nations have already lost their independence because they did not recognize it, in time, for what it is. Even today, with almost incomprehensible lack of clarity, there are people who do not realize their own peril as embodied in the design of Nazi Germany.

The system of the implantation of poisonous propaganda was projected by Germany long before the Armistice of the first World War. Antedating our entrance into that conflict, in 1915, I was abroad on a semi-official mission which took me to both the Allied Nations and the Central Powers. One evening when in Germany, I had dinner with two German officers, one of whom was of the General Staff of the Plans Division. Of the conversation that took place, the following is an excerpt from my report which was made Senate Document No. 26 of the Sixty-eighth Congress of the United States of America, first session. The quotation came from the lips of the Staff Officer:

"Of course Germany cannot help winning, but for the sake of discussion, supposing that all the world got on her back and it was impossible to reach a military decision, the following things will happen:

"(1) An armistice will come before any hostile army crosses Germany's frontier.

"(2) There will be no scars on the Fatherland from this war.

"(3) The immediate competitors in the economic and commercial world will be so crippled that when it is all over the Germans will be outselling them in the markets of the world long before they can get on their feet.

"(4) Following the war there will be economic hell, industrial revolution. We will set class against class, individual against individual, until the nations will have pretty much all they can attend to at home and not bother with us.

"(5) If need be, the Fatherland may dissolve into component parts and reassemble at the strategic time.

"(6) The greatest struggle will come after the war. The weapon will be propaganda, the value of which we know. The Allies will be torn asunder, each will be put at the other's throat like a lot of howling, gnashing hounds. And when they are all separated from France, Germany will deal with her alone."

Already much of this prophecy of twenty-seven years ago is history.

We must meet Germany's powerful propaganda of falsehood and retrogression by propaganda of our own—the propaganda that pierces the tangled web of malicious deceit and perversion and brings to light the truth with its vision of understanding and sympathy. In this way we will have in our power an even stronger weapon than that envisioned by the German officer, for the greatest of all Books has promised us that "the truth shall make you free."

Today, in the midst of great travail, we are seeking as never before to have friendly accord with our neighbors south of the Rio Grande. In return we ask that they, too, try to understand us. It is needless to say that this should have been so long years ago, yet it is not too late, especially if we realize that much of our critical attitude was due to the insidious promulgation of propaganda from sources foreign to this hemisphere. But already Germany has been jolted by the reaction against her. She has really drawn us closer together. She has made us realize our need one for the other. She has given us a real appreciation of the gifts of culture, of hospitality, of idealism, of spirituality, that pass among us of this hemisphere. Never again can North and South America be as separated as in the past. Not "for the duration" alone have we made this progress but for the great future that lies ahead.

In my recent official mission for the Government of the United States of North America to all other Americas and the important Caribbean Islands, unusual opportunities were afforded me to learn much at first hand. Heretofore my travels—like those of most of my countrymen—had led me to Europe many times, and to other parts of the world. My own continent was in part an unexplored forest to me. And so I was doubly happy to be sent on this mission: first, because of my opportunity to serve

and, second, because of the great opportunity to meet and know something of my neighbors and their countries. Having learned something of this world to the South, one is impelled to make it better known to the people who are unaware of its beauties and culture.

The North Americans who yearn for the Alpine peaks of Switzerland, the glaciers of the Engadine, the Dolomites of Austria, the lakes of Italy and of England, the beaches of the Riviera, the boulevards of Paris, the archeological museums of London and Cairo, will find much to satisfy them in a trip below the Rio Grande. As I visited up-to-date hospitals and great scientific institutions, and saw the remarkable progress being made in meeting many social and other problems, I felt more and more fascinated by the promise of their future. Particularly did I feel this as I met and talked with people in the different lands, and felt the warmth of their gracious hospitality and their high aspirations. It seems to me that in the last analysis we have much in common, but the peoples of the two American continents are somewhat different and have somewhat divergent problems. We need to understand each other.

Let us face it. We in the north must realize that there are twenty separate Republics to the south of us, each with its own government and laws, each with its divers and difficult problems, each with its own background of history and culture, striving for progress and a higher standard of life for the submerged masses of the population.

But try to visualize us, you twenty Republics! We have tribulations of our own! We are a country composed of forty-eight sovereign States, many differing materially in climate, ethnic elements, industrial and agricultural interests. Within our boundaries are people from practically every land on earth. Daily, new issues arise that demand settlement. The task is manifold and complex, demanding early and effective solution.

It is essential that all of us on this hemisphere be partners in fact and not only in theory. We are democracies, and as such are free to speak our thoughts. But personal opinions of officials and others should never be accepted as the attitude of a government or of the people as a whole. Particularly I have in mind careless criticisms of our neighbors by the unthinking. Mutual confidence and respect are the basis for cooperation and coordination, so necessary for the victory over a common enemy that seeks now to destroy all that is best in our civilization. All this lends itself to a *rapprochement* between the Americas. Building upon this foundation, we will be an example to the world of what the term Good Neighbor really means. This policy, in the peace that is to come, must involve the solution of the economic and social problems of this hemisphere. We have here the greatest possible opportunity for signal service in molding and adapting the democracy of yesterday to the changed conditions of a new and better world of the future which has in it the highest ethical and spiritual concepts, especially for the young world of North and South America.

SISTERS SUPPLY NEW DATA ON THE PROBLEM OF VOCATIONS

SISTER M. CHRISTINA, I.H.M.

THE WAR and the changes it must inevitably bring in its wake may make our American world, even our American Catholic world, a very different one from that in which we have been living. The recent discussions in AMERICA on vocations and the studies on which they are based may, in consequence, lose much of their prognostic value and become merely matters of history. Nevertheless, whatever changes the future may hold, the problem of vocations in the Church must always remain an important one.

For the past two years the department of Sociology in which I am teaching has been interested in studying the changing aspects of the Catholic family in America. In an analysis of about 1,100 city families, we found, as we reported in an article (*Check-up on Vocation Problem*, AMERICA, June 28, 1941), that the problem of vocations—especially decrease in the number and rate of vocations—is a challenging one.

We have since questioned some 1,700 Sisters from ten rather widely scattered Communities in the United States. Our purpose was to study the *vocation family* and, in some respects, the Sisters themselves. Some of our findings are new; some corroborate other studies made on this subject.

The age of those answering the questionnaire is a factor of some importance for purposes of comparison. These Sisters ranged from 18 to 70 years, representing roughly the periods of youth, middle age and old age. About one-half were born in large cities, while approximately one-fifth were born on farms. About one-fifth gave the occupation of their fathers as farmers; fifty per cent said that their grandfathers were farmers. Their economic status was average and lower middle class, most of the fathers being in industry, or trade and commerce. Only six per cent reported that their fathers were in a profession; four per cent that their grandfathers had been professional men. The Sisters were largely of Irish or German stock, although one-fourth had grandparents born in America.

We find that eleven per cent of the Sisters come from families having three or fewer children, forty per cent from families having four to seven children, and forty-nine per cent from families having over seven children. The rate of vocations for the families having three or fewer children is 1.1; four to seven children, 1.3; and over seven children, 1.6. Large families, therefore, not only contribute more vocations but more vocations per family.

Since these families were chosen because one daughter at least had a vocation, it is not possible to estimate from them the rate of vocations for girls. The rate for boys was found to be 3.5, which is 1.9 higher than the highest rate previously found for boys. This would indicate that vocations for boys are found more frequently in *vocation families* of girls. The rate of vocations for both boys and girls in the parents' generation in these *vocation families* was identical with the rate found for the same generation in our earlier study.

The rate of vocations for the Catholic population of the United States as a whole, is about nine-tenths of one per cent. This is slightly less than one priest or Religious to each one hundred Catholics. The proportion of women to men for the entire country is about three to one. The rate of vocations in the parents' generation of Catholic city families as shown in our previous study was 1.8. In these studies the proportion of women to men is 3.5 to 1 (the rate for girls, 2.8; for boys, 0.8). In these same families the rate of vocations in the children's generation was 1.6, and this rate was identical for boys and girls. As we noted, this represents a considerable decline from the parents' generation in the rate for girls and, on the contrary, an increase for boys. Undoubtedly there are many factors operating in the decreased rate of vocations among women and the increased rate among men. Despite appearances to the contrary, these factors may be decreasing the number of vocations among boys as among girls. Among them, decrease in size of family is undoubtedly one factor. Another is that residence for fifty per cent of the families changed from small town or farm to a large city. This latter fact is particularly significant because, as is well known to geneticists, city families have fewer children than rural families.

Our study of these Sisters shows that somewhat more than fifty per cent of them were born in cities having a large population. An important factor to be connected with this is the relatively large proportion (about eighty per cent) of our Catholic population which is urban.

Statistics in the United States show that the lowest birth-rate in the United States is in California, our most urban state. Statistics also show that for the past five years the birth-rate in the United States as a whole has been stationary, while the 1940 census shows a four per cent decrease in the birth-rate. In the cities today, not even unskilled

labor is reproducing itself. Ten adults in the city raise 7 children, who in turn raise 5 children, who in their turn raise $3\frac{1}{2}$ children. Ten adults in the rural area raise 14 children, who in turn raise 20 children, who in their turn raise 28 children. The depleted cities are renewed by people from the rural districts. This is well for us to keep in mind, since the rural districts of America are overwhelmingly non-Catholic. Statistical studies show further that one-fourth of the population of the United States is centered in the States south of the Mason-Dixon line and east of the Mississippi River. These States are now producing one-half of the children of the nation. As we well know, these States have only a sprinkling of Catholics. It is well known, too, that the great migration to our northern cities today is from these southeastern States. Whence are the vocations of tomorrow to come?

In the November 29 issue of *AMERICA*, Father Garesché reviewed the need of vocations to the Brotherhoods. He finds that vocations average about one Brother to fifteen Sisters. In these *vocation families*, whereas the vocations average one priest, seminarian or Brother to nine Sisters, there is but one Brother to seventy-seven Sisters and one Brother to eight priests and seminarians. In the parents' generation the ratio of boys' to girls' vocations, as we have seen, is 1 to 3.5. However, most of these vocations of boys are to the priesthood, as is clearly shown by the fact that there is only one Brother to each twenty-two Sisters.

One of the most important factors in fostering vocations, as has been so well brought out in the correspondence on this subject and in Father Garesché's last article, is the interest, instruction and encouragement of the boy or girl during adolescence. One correspondent, a high-school girl from Washington, complained that while high-school girls are very much interested in a religious vocation and what it means, they receive little instruction to help this interest along.

In his letter in the July 19 issue, Father Bowdern also called attention to the fact that the young Religious and seminarians whom he studied stated that encouragement and instruction were most important factors in the fostering of their vocations. The fostering should be done primarily in the high-school period.

Nearly twenty years ago, Sister Mary, I.H.M., published two articles in *AMERICA* on vocations. In these she brought out that her work with high-school students showed that the curve of interest in vocations begins with a few cases at twelve years, takes a definite upward swing at fifteen, reaches its peak at sixteen and drops suddenly at seventeen and eighteen. Our data, gathered from Sisters themselves, corroborates this curve of interest. The Sisters were asked to indicate the age at which they decided their vocation, to tell whether the decision was the result of long pondering or of sudden light, and to give the age at which they became novices. About seven of every ten Sisters stated that they decided on their vocation between the ages of 13 and 19. Less than one in five decided after she was nineteen years old; a

few made the decision earlier than their thirteenth year. The most important age for decision of vocation is 16, with a close second at 17.

Some factors in the family background and education of these 1,700 women seem to be of special significance to the question of vocations.

Eight, almost nine, of every ten of them attended a parochial school for at least a part of their education. Their brothers and sisters attended the parochial school at about the same frequency. This points conclusively to the great power of Catholic education in the fostering of religious vocations. It is true, also, that the religious education of parents is probably a determining factor in the background of a religious vocation. Fifty per cent of both fathers and mothers of these *vocation families* had attended a parochial school.

The Catholicism of a home is to be measured, no doubt, in terms of many factors. Among them, the blessing of religious vocations among the children, and Catholic education, are important. Another important factor must certainly be the degree to which there has been intermarriage with non-Catholics. About 1,200 subjects gave information on this point. Of these Sisters, three per cent have a non-Catholic parent, while ten per cent have a convert parent. Nearly three of every ten have non-Catholic blood relatives, and four and one-half of every ten have non-Catholic "in-laws." The families of the Sisters below thirty years of age rate much higher in the intermingling with non-Catholics than do the families of older Sisters. This higher rate among the young probably indicates an important trend in the American Catholic family, a trend which must affect greatly both the society in which we live and the Church. Whether the effect will be for weal or for woe will depend upon the strength of Catholicism in the children which the Catholic home sends forth.

To summarize:

1. The majority of Sisters from this wide sampling of *vocation families* are city-born.
2. The number of vocations is greater from large than from small families.
3. The rate of vocations for boys and girls in the parents' generation in *vocation families* is identical with the rate found in non-vocation Catholic city families.
4. The decline of city population and the small rural Catholic population in the United States are significant concomitants of the vocation problem.
5. The rate of vocations for priests, but not for Brothers, is higher in *vocation families* of Sisters than for the other Catholic families.
6. The significant ages for the decision of vocations are sixteen and seventeen.
7. Fifty per cent of the Religious questionnaires were Novices by the age of twenty.
8. The great majority of vocation subjects have been educated in parochial schools.
9. In one case out of two, the parents of these Sisters had attended a parochial school.
10. There is a marked increase in intermarriage with non-Catholics in the younger generation.

BLOCK THAT PARENTHESIS!

REPORTING Vice President Wallace's speech on Mexico's Independence Day, *Time* Magazine took the liberty of interpreting an ambiguous passage. To the third freedom which Mr. Wallace advocated for the Mexican people—"the freedom to establish schools which teach the realities of life"—the Editors, with what warrant we do not know, added in parentheses: "i.e., secular schools."

On the supposition that the editorial policy of *Time* is neither naive nor ill-informed, this piece of editorializing can only be interpreted as an attempt to commit the Vice President to the support of a godless system of socialistic education repudiated by a large majority of the Mexican people as an insult to human decency and the religion which they profess. It seems inconceivable that the Editors of *Time* do not know that throughout countries of Latin culture, both in Europe and in the Americas, the term "secular" applied to education has a very definite meaning. It means *in theory* non-religious education, and *in practice* anti-religious education. In Mexico, its most active support has come in the past from the agnostic and atheistic "liberals" who have tyrannized over the political life of the country during most of the last century. More recently, Marxists of every stamp have given their sinister approval to the "secular" school.

Consequently, the equating of schools "which teach the realities of life" with "secular schools" can have only one meaning below the Rio Grande, namely, that Mr. Wallace has blessed the efforts of the Leftists and "liberals" in Mexico to impose on the people, by force, a system of godless, socialistic, materialistic education.

AMERICA, realizing that this passage in the Vice President's speech was open to misinterpretation, asked its Washington correspondent, the Reverend Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., to seek authoritative clarification. This was done, with the result that it is now clear that Mr. Wallace had no intention of injecting himself into the educational conflict in Mexico, and that any use of his statement against Catholics by the Radicals there was unwarranted. As Father Parsons wrote in these columns last week, Mr. Wallace pointed out what is well known, and should have served as a warning to the Editors of *Time*, that as a religious man he considers religion the first among the "realities of life."

Now it may be that *Time* had no intention of using the Vice President to strengthen the totalitarian hand of the atheists and materialists and Communists who saddled Mexico with a godless and socialistic system of education. It may be that the Editors do not understand that the "secular" school in a Latin country is *not* the counterpart of the public school among us. It may be that they are ignorant of the diabolical part atheistic "liberals" have played in French and Spanish education for the past seventy-five years. If such is the case—if this blunder was the result not of malice but of naiveté—we hereby apologize to them in advance.

EDITOR

DANGEROUS DIPLOMACY

WALDO FRANK who, in *Collier's* (September 26), continues to interpret Argentina for us, is not wanted as an interpreter by the Argentines themselves. Some time ago, Argentina notified Washington that Frank was *persona non grata*.

After that he was assaulted, an incident characterized by Monsignor Franceschi of the widely read *Criterio* as "anarchical."

A sample of Mr. Frank's remarks, translated from the *Nacion* and reprinted in the *Southern Cross* (English-language paper of Argentina), shows either his ignorance or bad faith or both. Talking of the resistance to doctors and nurses in the "backward communities of Mexico," he says:

The greater part of the resistance is not due to the witch-doctors but to the Catholic Church. . . . After correcting minor misstatements, *Southern Cross* gives the reason for the resistance:

It was not because they nursed and taught, but because some of them were disseminating birth-control literature, and others were teaching socialism and sexuality to little children. . . . This is a time when the United States needs all its friends. There are many of them in Argentina and we wish there were more. But Mr. Frank will not increase their number . . . when he thus writes about the religion of Argentina, which is the same as the religion of Mexico and of 30,000,000 citizens of the United States. . . . We deplore Mr. Waldo Frank.

Meanwhile in Mexico, *El Universal*, *Excelsior* and *Novedades* protested "an agitator" who publicly insulted Pope Pius XII and Archbishop Martinez, of Mexico. The agitator is Vincente Lombardo Toledano.

Self-styled Labor leader of the continent, and touring the Americas as such, Toledano, in Havana, called the Pope "leader of the fifth columnists." In a public reply, the National Confederation of Marian Congregations

deplores profoundly that such a man . . . is appearing as a representative of Mexico. The Mexican people, faithful to the point of heroism to their deep-rooted religious convictions, love, respect and obey the Pope as the Vicar of Jesus Christ. . . . To attack the Pope and our Prelates is to attack the Mexican people.

Any Pan-American amity will be a pipe-dream as long as we leave these merchants of misunderstanding and pedlars of prejudices at large. Truly, "bad salesmen can ruin a good business" as *Southern Cross* declared.

FANATICS

WRITING in a recent issue of the New York *Times Magazine*, General Hershey, head of Selective Service, repeats a conclusion which he formed in 1933, to the effect that "any classification of types of 'military' leaders is artificial." Disregarding this artificiality, General Hershey then gives us a classification.

Great military leaders, he observes, are egoists or sentimentalists, fatalists or fanatics. With the egoists, he ranks Napoleon and Sherman, while Washington and Lee are the sentimentalists, Grant and Joffre, the fatalists, and Foch and Stonewall Jackson, the fanatics.

It is not difficult to classify, when the classifier writes his own definitions, and this is what the General does. Washington and Lee are deemed sentimentalists because each was prompted "by the sentiment of public duty," which is surely a novel reason for indicting a leader as a sentimentalist.

General Hershey is certainly not to be blamed for our ignorance, but it seems to us that most students of history will fail to understand his classification of Jackson and Foch as fanatics. In Jackson's statement after Bull Run, "My religious beliefs teach me that I am as safe in battle as in bed; God has fixed the time for my death," General Hershey finds evidence for Jackson's fanaticism. Foch is a fanatic because his "faith transcended the material aspects of the situation, and believed in success when the evidence was not forthcoming." To some critics, this may be fanaticism, but to Christians, it is uncommonly like reliance upon God's Providence, and submission to His Will. Jackson may not have expressed himself in correct theological language on this particular occasion, but this great soldier's whole life shows the meaning which he attached to the words.

Jackson and Foch, to whom Lee may be added, were men who always trusted in God, and always took care to keep their powder dry. They knew that God helps those who help themselves, and they did not expect Him to reward folly or idleness with a miracle. Never sparing themselves, they did what they could do, and then left the issue to God, knowing that what He wills is best. If that is fanaticism, then may Almighty God raise up for us in our day of need a host of fanatics.

WILLKIE'S FRONT

THE result that Wendell Willkie apparently desired from his recent statements on the second front has taken place with a vengeance. He thought that a little "public prodding" was necessary to hurry the military leaders into opening a second front in Europe in the very near future—and behold, the prodding has begun! We have only to hope that those charged with the strategy of the war will be deaf enough and calm enough not to be stampeded into precipitate action by such unreasoned public emotionalism.

For Mr. Willkie's statement was inspired by emotion. He met "embattled Red Army men," with the scars of fighting fresh upon them, and heard from them the "now familiar" question: "What about a second front?" He fraternized with peasants and workers, and was plied with questions on the same topic. He got the most intimate glimpses any American has had thus far in the war of the suffering and privations and magnificent resistance of the Russian people, and his heart was touched.

But to have a tender heart is not necessarily the best way to win a war. And to have the American people raise a public clamor for a second front has already confused, and will further confuse, the calm and level-headed planning that will have to go into that crucial step. We cannot let sympathy for Russia, and an impatience emanating from Russia, blur the vision of those whose duty it is to solve this essentially military problem.

How exclusively military it is, and how much we must realistically discount some of Russia's desperate pleas, was brought out in a recent statement by a seasoned fighter, whose words ought to be pondered well before any "public prodding" is begun. Sir Archibald Wavell claims that the Nazis have "thrust themselves into rather a nasty bag," and that, except for prestige, "the loss of Stalingrad would not alter the situation a great deal."

Half-cocked public opinion, of course, will not ponder this view. It will begin its prodding by manifestos in the papers, by letters to Congressmen. It will yield to emotion and try to have our military leaders solve this vital question in terms of helping Russia. We *want* to help Russia, but only if that help will win the war, and whether a second front in Europe is that kind of help, is certainly not up to Mr. Willkie nor to John Doe nor even to the Russians to decide.

Mr. Willkie's unconsidered emotionalism, bad international business at any time, is particularly inopportune now. Recent reports from Washington indicate that the President is more and more handing over the actual running of the war to the strategists whose work is coordinated under Admiral Leahy. This is a move of prime importance toward the efficient and far-sighted prosecution of the war on all fronts, and to inject into those military specialists, as Mr. Willkie may well have done, anything like a caution to keep the ear to the ground or take the public pulse before acting energetically and boldly, will not stimulate, as the New

York Times fondly hopes, "an atmosphere of aggressive urgency which will encourage bold decisions."

More than ordinary prudence, indeed, ought to have been Mr. Willkie's ambition, for he must have known, before he left on the tour, that all the Leftist groups and journals here were already clamoring for a second front to help Russia. To second their uproar (and it has grown mightily since his statement), motivated by the same unreasoning emotion that sways them, is to play into the hands of those who are most gloriously confusing the whole issue.

That issue is simply this: what military measures will assure best the early winning of the war? It is true that Russia is agonizing—Greece and Poland and a dozen other countries are, too. It may possibly be that between Russia and us (to quote Mr. Willkie's rather naive dictum) "there are certain significant cultural affinities." It may be true that the Red soldiers are impatient and disillusioned. But what *does* matter is that those whose duty it is will have full charge of the conduct of the war. They must be free to take the steps they judge best, unswayed by public hysteria, by emotionalism fanned by certain very un-American elements.

SUPPRESSION OF NEWS

WITH respect to the safety of the Chief Executive, especially in time of war, every possible and reasonable precaution must be taken. It is no exaggeration to say that the freedom of our own country, together with the hopes of down-trodden people everywhere, rests largely in his hands. At the present moment, indeed, he is the most powerful figure among the statesmen of the world, and an accident which would impair his health, or even take his life, would be a heavy, perhaps an irreparable blow to the cause of the United Nations.

Consequently, when severe and abnormal measures are taken to protect the President on his travels, only an unreasonable man will raise pettifogging objections. Such precautions are determined not by a dictator-complex, but by ordinary commonsense.

We doubt, however, whether in safeguarding the President it is necessary to adopt the extreme censorship imposed on press and radio during the two-week inspection tour of war-production centers happily terminated last week. Thousands of people saw Mr. Roosevelt and other thousands knew of his presence. Yet they were not permitted to read a line about the inspection tour in the press, or hear a word of it over the radio. As one prominent paper remarked editorially: "It would be no great exaggeration to say that during the last few days 100,000,000 Americans have been keeping a secret from the other 30,000,000."

The danger in carrying censorship to such lengths is that a democratic people may be tempted to disbelieve all news about the war. Surely, neither the President nor his advisers want this.

SON AT CAPHARNAUM

THERE is something very engaging about this royal officer of whom Saint John writes (iv, 46-53) in our Gospel. It is true that he tried to dictate—or at least, he suggested—a course of action to our Omniscient and Omnipotent Saviour, but that presumption should not lower him too much in our esteem, for after all Our Lord took it in good part. Men have been telling God for many centuries what He ought to do, and He bears with it, just as a father feels nothing but amusement when his little son tries to teach him how to play some childish game.

What we will like about this officer and, it would seem, what Our Lord also liked in him, was his earnestness. He had a son who was sick at Capernaum, and the one thing that he wished was his son's restoration to health. That is why he kept on beseeching Jesus, and repeating that his boy "was at the point of death." Nor was he rebuffed when Our Lord said: "Unless you see signs and wonders, you do not believe." It is not necessary to assume that Jesus meant these words to be a rebuke. We can take them simply as a statement of fact, verified in Our Lord's time, and since. But rebuke or not, the words merely impelled the father to cry out: "Sir, come down, before my child dies." His earnestness was immediately rewarded. The boy was healed, and upon the whole household was bestowed the gift of Faith.

How many of us at this moment have a son at Capernaum who is sick? The little boy for whose recovery this officer yearned can stand in the life of all of us as a symbol of something we ardently desire. As we view the matter, this "something" is nothing wrong; on the contrary, it would help us very much in the spiritual life, we think, by lifting from our tired shoulders a few of those material burdens that are so hard to carry. Perhaps we have recommended the matter to Our Lord, but He has not spoken, not even to rebuke us. As far as we can make it out, He simply ignores us. We tell Him what we think He ought to do, but if He hears us, He does nothing.

Perhaps He wishes us to keep on asking Him. Possibly, He wants to hear that last all but despairing cry: "Sir, come down before my son dies." After all these years, do we still fail to realize that God understands our earthly needs perfectly, and that He loves us with an infinite love? When our temporal welfare is in jeopardy, He will answer our prayers for relief, but only when this relief will help us to save our souls.

It takes some of us decades to understand that God is in earnest about our salvation, even if we are not. Our heartfelt prayers for help in our temporal needs are never lost, because the least of them brings us nearer to God. But our son at Capernaum will be healed only if it is for his and our spiritual good.

Can we not, then, find peace in leaving the decision to our Father in Heaven? He knows our real needs, and in caring for us, His children, He is a Father infinitely wise and infinitely loving.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

CATHOLIC LETTERS WASTE A WEAPON

C. J. MAGUIRE

AT a time when the need for a genuine Catholic literature is cried aloud from the housetops, it is surprising to note that one whole category of our finest English writers is almost completely ignored. The neglect of our satirists is no less unfortunate than it is surprising, for it cuts us off from the work of men whose vigor and keenness in contemporary comment might prove invaluable. Still, the general lack of appreciation for the efforts of men like Evelyn Waugh can easily be attributed to several immediate causes.

First, there is the twofold traditional theory, not by any means confined to Catholics, that the satirist is likely to be a pretty nasty person and therefore open to suspicion; that satire may be brilliant but that it is definitely "second-rate art."

Then, too, the satirist does not appeal to the mind of the emotional or sentimental public. Combine this with the general but hidden knowledge that there is no really discriminating Catholic reading public. Most Catholics who read books are influenced by the same forces that shape the taste of the rest of our literates, except that they are a bit more shocked by obscenity in modern writing. They are given, as a self-imposed penance for their preferred reading, to singing the praises of worthless printed matter in the conviction that, however dull the work may be, it is to be lauded "because it has good Catholic aims."

Another possible explanation for the neglect of satire, even generally, is the fact that the satirist deals with material that is most probably objectionable in itself. But to hold that the unattractiveness of the material decreases the merit of the work in which it is treated, provided it is treated with its due, is to ignore the existence of evil and its importance as a factor in life.

Foremost among the exponents of satire and humor in the Catholic ranks (strangely enough they are all British) are Evelyn Waugh, Bruce Marshall, and the closely associated London journalists, D. B. Wyndham-Lewis and J. B. Morton. The finest and most effective work, as well as the widest reputation, belongs to Waugh. The gift of Evelyn Waugh is the gift of a great satirist, a flair for depicting the shallowness and inanity of a time and of a way of life in its own terms, and of reducing those terms to an anguished futility.

Of course, his work is scandalous. He deals with a most immoral and perverted generation. In his first novel, *Decline and Fall*, Paul Pennyfeather becomes the unwitting head of an international white-slave ring. *Vile Bodies*, the whirl of life in London, is replete with riotous living and social intrigue, seduction and suicide. *Black Mischief* mixes together the essence of European diplomacy and personal unscrupulousness with a little bland cannibalism. All this is most unpalatable reading matter. But in spite of his use of tabloid material, Evelyn Waugh will never appeal to the sensation seeker. He has been likened to a cast-iron angel. Innocently and calmly, he juggles the most explosive elements in human behavior, keeps them flying wildly for a time, and then blows all, pitilessly, to "a handful of dust."

Viewed seriously, Waugh's work is true tragedy. It may be incongruous tragedy; it is horrible, to the squeamish even revolting, but in the manner of modern life it is real. Waugh's method may be compared to that which brought about the downfall of the Jew of Malta or Giles Overreach. Intense comedy is finally resolved in an intense breakdown. It would be most unfair to cite in detail the strange fates of Chastity (Mrs. Ape's angel), of Agatha Runcible, the ultimate social butterfly, of the British Ambassador's daughter, or the nightmarish end of Tony in *A Handful of Dust*. None of them is cathartic, but they are all in keeping with the flimsiness of the age, suitable, haunting and necessary.

What is particularly Catholic about this form of satire? Possibly nothing. It does not carry labels. There is little to distinguish the novels written before Waugh's conversion from those that came later. The answer may be that his work was always "Catholic"; that is, its basis was always *common sense* in dealing with any modern foible.

In Bruce Marshall a different type is met. He is never so brazen as Waugh, nor so relentless in his pursuit of justice. If Marshall wields the whip, he does so like the apostle Paul, always with a deep sympathy for the person flayed. He may reveal hypocrites and compromisers, the groping, the uncertain, or the completely unprincipled; still there is an understanding of the humanity underlying the weaknesses of every man. Marshall, however,

is received little more warmly by the Catholic audience than is Waugh. While Waugh is considered scandalous and immoral, Marshall is deemed blasphemous and irreverent. Even the delightful story of Father Malachy and his dance hall was found shocking. Much more so was the tender *Prayer for the Living*.

Pharisaic pietism will refuse to see the true orthodoxy and the basic reverence implicit in the handling of the two clergymen, the most-High-Church Wearie Willie and the skeptical Tired Tim. In the light of what Marshall was forced to state in the foreword to *Prayer for the Living*, that he had no difficulty in believing in Christian doctrines but only in living up to them, we must realize the great power of captious criticism that by taboos can denominate not merely beliefs but *facts* as heretic. Marshall, more than Waugh, is interested in the *religious* foibles of the time and so is probably treading on more dangerous ground.

The other two writers mentioned before, Dominic Bevan Wyndham-Lewis and J. B. Morton, are of a different nature from either of the two arch-satirists. Neither of these has ever encountered the same antagonism that has met Waugh and Marshall. Neither of them has handled the same dangerous material nor has outraged an innocent reader. For this reason, probably, neither is so important, but their work is worthy of some attention.

Both have devoted themselves to ridiculing what is laughable in the world. A collection of Morton's daily columns reveals a gentle and highly humorous commentary on newspaper serials, the gods of science and the English mind. Wyndham-Lewis, without footnote, deflates the sham and puffed-up creatures of today. An interesting experiment is his *Stuffed Owl: An Anthology of Bad Verse*, which does for poetry by direct quotation from originals what social satire does for mankind. Telling thrusts, like that against the fashionable psychoanalysts in "Jig for Bassoons," can be found in his *Welcome to All This*.

Such, in very brief, are some of our Catholic satirists. Much more could pointedly be said about their works in detail. We have merely attempted to indicate the general tone of their efforts. Concerning Wyndham-Lewis and Morton, the only complaint can be that, understandably enough, they are not well enough known in their satirical writings. For Waugh and Marshall, a much stronger complaint is necessary.

A case that parallels theirs, in some respects, is to be found in earlier Catholic literature. We learn from J.-K. Huysmans of a strange group of writers in nineteenth-century France who loudly and aggressively championed Catholicism but whose orthodoxy was widely suspected. Chief among them were Barbey d'Aureville and Eugene Hello, and to these can be added Leon Bloy and Huysmans himself.

Admittedly, their orthodoxy may have been suspect. Huysmans, nevertheless, submitted himself by entering a monastery. He was "cleared" by a biography of Saint Lydwine of Schiedam, and by entry to the lists against his old friend and master,

Zola, in the Lourdes controversy. Of recent years, the work of Bloy also has been more frequently and favorably in the Catholic eye.

But the point is not the orthodoxy of the individual, which in at least two cases seems to be accepted; it is the attitude with which their work was originally received. Huysmans claimed that Barbey was too vigorous in his Catholicism for his contemporaries. And the Catholic contemporaries were too ready to throw up their hands in horror at anything that violated their complacency. After the horror, a policy of "hush-hush" seems to have been adopted, leaving the matter unsatisfactorily suspended in a cloud of shocked silence. This, we claim, is not a suitable handling of any embarrassing writer, and this, we believe, is the attitude that has greeted Waugh and Marshall.

There is, in the question of our own contemporaries under discussion here, no doubt about *orthodoxy*. What appears to be the essential truth is that these men have violated the complacency of our Catholic readers and critics and that they are being accorded the same "hands-off" and silent-condemnation treatment as the earlier Frenchmen. The material dealt with by the English and Scottish satirists seems to be "too hot to handle." We are afraid of their frankness and of their explosive qualities. The implications of their work may go too far even into the lives and thoughts of good Catholics for our comfort, and so we choose not to accept them. The cherubic but mature fact-facing of Waugh and the delicate religious probings of Marshall must be too pertinent for our tenuous well-being. Rather than examine their work openly, we disregard, and thereby forfeit, the aid which these men can lend to the cause of Catholicism.

We refer to the wide neglect of the Catholic satirists as a waste of the most powerful weapon which contemporary Catholicism can find in the written word. In other ages rational argument could be used effectively against error in doctrine, and emotional appeal against popular moral backslidings. Today, however, the problem is a different one. Of what use is emotional appeal, or the intellect itself, as a persuasion, when the opposite side in a profound "dogmatism of unbelief" denies the very existence of those aims and concepts of which we would speak? The only alternative is to use the material common to all, daily life in the modern world.

The main object of the Catholic can be not to attempt argument and conviction but to show the fundamental weakness of a false position by destructive ridicule. As Waugh does, he can ignore the first principles of modernism and show its ultimate failure *in action*.

We believe that here can be found a direction, both for the Catholic critic and the earnest Catholic writer. Wider acceptance of the work of Catholics in satire makes their efforts even more effective. Adding to the number and quality of the satires produced will increase the force of the counter-attack against the little, the very little, tin gods of philosophy and science, education and society.

MORE MAJOR VARIATIONS ON A MINOR THEME

*Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run.
The pig was eaten
And Tom was beaten.*

WILLIAM BLAKE

The piper was piping his songs on the hill
And the children were listening, all happy and still;
But Tom, his young son, was both hungry and sad.
His father was absent, no food had they had.

And as he went wandering down by the church
He picked up a pig that belonged to Dame Lurch;
Then laughing and joyful he sported away
Through the smiling, green lanes with no one him to stay.

When his father returned and Tom showed him the beast
They killed it and ate it and made a fine feast;
But Tom's father said, as they finished the meal,
"Now it wasn't quite proper, dear Tommy, to steal,

"And just so you'll never repeat such a trick,
In the interest of duty, just hand me that stick."
So poor Tom was beaten, the scars he has still,
And his father still pipes to the babes on the hill.

OSCAR WILDE

I had not known what was his charge;
His eyes were blue and gay,
And piper's songs were on his lips;
They brought him in one day
And his place in line was next to mine;
We wore the prison grey.

We plied our shovels in a trench
The warders bade us dig;
We only knew the earth was hard,
The trench, ah, woful big;
Then a coarse voice behind me said,
"That fellow pinched a pig."

They pen us up in quiet cells,
They keep us from our own,
And ever the dark and quiet creep
Deeper within the bone;
The days proceed, we pay no heed;
We weep when we're alone.

Yet we voice no plaint though we live in Hell,
No, not a single sound;
Yet some things are too hard to bear
And fester like a wound . . .
A pincher of pigs along with me
Who's in for a thousand pound!

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Some will remember me when I was young,
The piper's lad who had the skill of song,
Who praised the springing flame in the eyes of one
Slim girl as pale and passionate as the dawn;
Who followed her quiet feet wherever they went
And, stealing a pig for her, was beat for his pains.
Only the withered husk of the singer remains,
And a deep-considering mind, and the best is spent.

Age is heavy on me and memory
Troubles the orders of philosophy.
Red Hanrahan, whom I made, he calls up the wind,
And other singers and Ireland recall to my mind
The days when my verses were song, unspun out of
book,
And other complaints I made than the creaking of bone
Aged and weary grown; when neither the moon
Nor Madame Blavatsky dictated the themes that I took.

It is time I made an end;
My mouth is empty of words
That flash and sear and send
Stout men to die on the swords,
Stubborn and cold, that deride
The dreamers the while they kill;
I have nothing left but my pride
And a tower that sits on a hill.

J. G. E. HOPKINS

EDMUND CAMPION

Quick hoof-beats down a moonless country highway—
A gentleman is riding to a tryst:
In some hushed room above a guarded byway
He must brand England with the Blood of Christ.
Take from the hiding-hole the massing chalice,
Gather the gallant at the godly post—
Quick! for they name him now in Whitehall Palace,
And Tyburn lies beyond his lifted Host . . .
He was a sword that flashed in England's hand,
He was Saint George feeling the dragon's power,
A last proud true-born son of Alfred, and
A *verray knyght* defending Mary's Dower,
The laughter of England hushing over the land,
The soul of England soaring from the Tower.

SISTER MARY ST. VIRGINIA, B.V.M.

HAPPY ENDING

My singing was of common miracle:
How the dew distills,
And why the swaying blue upholds the gull,
And of distant hills.

But from my praise of Him Who makes the dew
And Whose counterpoise
Bears gull and cloud, greed-wrinkled men withdrew
To their shops and noise.

No song, no song but mine of God, of God,
And against it came
The clatter of trade, the pain of a beggar's plod
And the shouts of shame.

Into the shady Square I walked, and wept
For the lack and loss
Of all due praise but mine unmeet, when crept
Out of oak's gray moss

A mockingbird more gray, so struck to hear
Any happy hymn
In mart, he sang a benediction sheer
From the topmost limb!

RAY BERNARD

"This Publishing Business"

RELIGION IN SOVIET RUSSIA — The weakness of Marx and so of Lenin and so of Soviet Russia was a failure to take man seriously. They took Economics and Sociology seriously, but not man. When they made their Social-Economic plans, they never asked "does the nature of man allow it?" They simply said, "This is obviously a good plan as anyone who knows about plans can see." The great advantage of leaving man out of one's problems is that it simplifies the problems. And you can get nice brisk solutions, and this is a great satisfaction.

It is not only communists who have this weakness: they have it worse than anybody else, but everybody today has a touch of it. Karl Marx said, "Ill distributed property is an evil: let's abolish property." America said, "Excessive consumption of alcohol is an evil, let's abolish alcohol." Both solutions were admirable — if they had been merely only Social-Economic problems. But there are no such problems: there are only human problems: and human nature was so attached to property and alcohol that both solutions have had to be thrown away.

In the same brisk spirit, Soviet Russia decided to abolish religion. They closed churches and murdered priests. Anyone who took man seriously could have told them that they must fail. The nature of man demands religion. You can no more destroy the religious need of man by closing the churches than you can abolish the sex-need by abolishing marriage. The Russian attack on religion had to fail. So anyone could have told them twenty years ago. It has failed, so Professor Timasheff (a Russian Orthodox who teaches Sociology at Fordham) tells us in RELIGION IN SOVIET RUSSIA. (\$2.00)

Certainly the Soviet tried hard. They honestly thought religion a bad habit and they honestly tried to stamp it out: to pretend that they were merely trying to purify religion — as some have almost done — must make Stalin laugh heartily if he ever hears about it. Professor Timasheff gives us a carefully documented history of the three main assaults — in 1922-23, 1929-30, 1937-38 — and of the intervening periods of pressure. No one can tell the future with certainty, but it looks from the evidence given here as if the Soviet Government were growing weary of a struggle it could not hope to win, and were looking for some way of living with a power it has found it impossible to kill.

If this is so, then the Orthodox Church in Russia should be marvellously equipped for seizing the opportunity. It has had a quarter-century of persecution and it has come through alive. From that long period of patience in suffering we may expect a wonderful spiritual impetus in the church which is our next-of-kin, an impetus by which she will not only revive Russian religious life, but must also powerfully spiritualize Russian political life. F.J.S.

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BOOKS

TRUE (AND PLEASING?) PICTURE

AMERICAN HARVEST. Edited by Allen Tate and John Peale Bishop. L. B. Fischer. \$3.50

IT will not be an easy matter for historians of American culture to appraise that mad, febrile period, 1920-1940. This book, which is subtitled, "Twenty Years of Creative Writing in the United States," will be a valuable aid to them. For it is a remarkable literary record of those brawling and lusty years which produced Volstead, Clara Bow and a second world war.

As Taine contended, a literary work is not "a solitary caprice, but a transcript of contemporary manners." This anthology, therefore, is a definite contribution to Americana. It proves that the turbulent twenties and thirties brought forth a large body of good writing, some more which is extraordinary and a surprising deposit which, judged by any standards, is truly great.

There is no doubt about it—the United States now has a national literature, as cosmopolitan as the American genius which created it. Genuinely American is the strident virility of Ernest Hemingway, who gets his triceps right down into his keyboard; no less indigenous, however, is the urbane aloofness of Van Wyck Brooks, the chaste artistry of Willa Cather, the muscular realism of John Steinbeck. One would naturally expect the literary overflow of a melting pot to be a gallimaufry of many ingredients, strong savor, pungent bouquet.

American Harvest is a representative collection. There is no need to quarrel about omissions or inclusions, for the quarrel would be interminable as well as pointless; and anthologizing is an arbitrary business anyway. The editors of this book have done well. They have given us an accurate picture.

Whether the picture is pleasing, is another question again. These writings leave one with an unpleasant impression of spiritual shallowness and materialistic coarseness.

To a patriot that would be lamentable at any time. But it is especially deplorable in this book because, like almost everything else these days, the book has a propaganda purpose. It was published simultaneously here, in Brazil and in Chile, in Portuguese and Spanish; it has the blessing of the Office of Inter-American Affairs. It may be a bridge to Pan-American unity; but it could, conceivably, be a barrier.

The South American culture is rooted deeply in traditional Christianity. How the revelation of our own spiritual immaturity will endear us to people who have such a tradition is a diplomatic poser which I cannot pretend to understand. WILLIAM A. DONAGHY

DISUNITY IN THE UNION

THE HIDDEN CIVIL WAR. By Wood Gray. The Viking Press. \$3.75

THIS volume is much more than the "Story of the Copperheads," unless the author wishes to imply that everyone who opposed the war efforts of the Lincoln administration was guilty of treachery and disloyalty to his country. Professor Gray gives us a picture of the Civil War years which should do much to debunk the popular tradition of a united North enthusiastically rushing forth to preserve the Union and free the downtrodden slave.

Although the scene is restricted to the then northwest—Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and Ohio—practically the same conditions existed in other sections of the North. The spirits of the people rose and fell with the tide of military successes up to the very end of the war.

Recruiting was slow; opposition to conscription led to bloody riots; the fear of an influx of free Negroes caused widespread protests against Emancipation which expressed themselves in race riots and boycotts; great indignation was aroused by the arbitrary arrests of those opposed to the war. There were many Southern sympathizers scattered through the North, and a goodly number who, although deploring the breakup of the Union, sincerely believed that coercion of a seceding State was unconstitutional.

Scoundrels and extremists found such conditions ideal for the spread of secret societies such as The Knights of the Golden Circle and The Order of American Knights; while Democratic politicians eager to get back into office did not hesitate to make use of these dissatisfied and even disloyal elements. There was a strong peace party active all through the war, and the spirit of defeatism was a real and serious threat to the success of the Union cause.

Such in brief is the story told by Professor Gray, and it is an important contribution to the history of that troubled period and will be a great help to the historian and teacher. However, it is a bit too specialized and contains too much repetition to be popular with the general reader. Too much is said about too little; the number of long newspaper quotations on the same topic soon become monotonous. Repeated accounts of draft riots, desertions, protest meetings, secret-society activities and the like, which differ only in date and place, while good reference matter for the local historian, are not of thrilling interest to the general reader; while restricting the scene to the Northwest, greatly narrows the appeal of the book.

The copious notes and bibliography add much to its value as a reference work; it is a volume which should find a place on the shelves of any good high school or college library.

F. J. GALLAGHER

SATIRE THAT FIZZES

GEORGE SPELVIN, AMERICAN, AND FIRESIDE CHATS. By *Westbrook Pegler*. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50
EVERYBODY knows of Westbrook Pegler, the man with the flat and perfect name, the handsome, daring and wholesome commentator and columnist. This book of his is a bundle of punchy and original essays about such things as Debt to the Cigarette, Anatomy of the Hot Dog, How to Get Publicity, Divorce, the Phony Fight, Radicalism and Hygiene, the Horse Track and Gate-Crashing. The book races along entrancingly, and packs many a jolt of good old common sense. It's all bright, decent and commendable as far as it goes, and would make a fine birthday present for any tired man.

The style of the book is like nothing you have ever read, except it be more of Mr. Pegler. Good or bad, it is exactly and entirely the author's own. It seethes up into your eyes like the wet-air bubbles from a fizz. The style is full-flavored Chicago, which means that it is not quite New York, and very far from Boston. At times this Chicago flavor is clever and wonderful, but, every once in a while, the tang of it reminds a Bay Stater of somebody he knew up in northern New Hampshire. One suspects that there is an over-proportion of soda to the gin.

As for the thought, it is high, mighty and clean. The author has his eyes fixed on the fixed stars. His tortuous satire lashes out against impurity, dirt, bedroom-jokes, rotten speech, divorce, sex cures, perverts, profiteering, rackets, dishonesty, hypocrisy, boondoggling, posturing, inanity, high-pressure comedians, asininity. Mr. and Mrs. Spelvin, average Americans, are his inarticulate puppets, bowing in and out. There is no preaching in the book; but here is a rare humility and a lance in play that will be useful when all the guns are silent.

Some of the details are anachronic. And Westbrook Pegler has need of expounding the support upon which all the moral virtues rest. It is not enough to show how stale and sad all the vices are. Nobility and decency will

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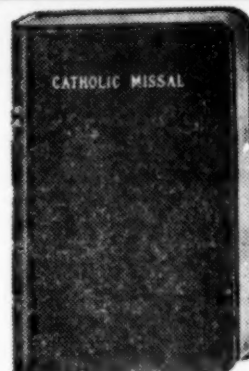
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not stand up by mere suggestion. We are yearning to know more of the *how* and the *why* of the good life. An operable code of living can never be a mere negation. A mind that can pierce through a welter of chicanery to the sunshine of natural goodness, is surely fit to go all the way. Pierce through it *all*, Mr. Pegler, from the un-begun beginning to the eternal end. Be brave enough to tell us that the natural cannot be explained at all without the supernatural. Put it down in writing that, without the aid of God, politics and homes and business and love are sepulchers. Woo us from our stupidity with a banner, a nourishment and an aim.

THOMAS B. FEENEY

UNTIL THAT DAY. By Kressman Taylor. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$2.75

THIS is the story of Hitler's attempt to Nazify the Lutheran Church. It is told by a young minister who fled from the Gestapo and sought refuge in America. There are really two stories: the minister's biography; in the background, the struggle of the Lutheran pastors to prevent their Church from being de-Christianized and degraded to an organ of Nazi propaganda.

Rev. Karl Hoffmann's father was a prominent pastor who had been appointed to the *Domkirche* by the Kaiser. Like many another who resisted the Nazis, he was murdered. Persecution brought heroism and defection. At the University of Berlin, Leitzmann, the successor of Harnack and the best loved professor, compromised with the Nazis and betrayed the theological students who looked upon him as their leader. The Nazi plot was subtle. Not daring at first to risk an open challenge of the established church, they pretended they wished to unify the various branches of Lutheranism. They proposed the election of a *Reichsbischof*, chose a puppet named Meuller as candidate, and ignoring the solid opposition of the pastors, falsely proclaimed their candidate elected.

Gradually they showed the mailed fist; intimidated the weak by threats and silenced the strong by force. There followed arrests, concentration camps, murder. The "Confessional Church" organized to meet the emergency, was finally forced underground; but it still secretly functions and holds the loyalty of the people who patiently await "until that day."

The book, though freighted down with too many sermons, teaches a valuable lesson. Totalitarianism aims to enslave the whole man, body and soul. Once established, it permits no rival authority, but ruthlessly crushes all opposition.

GEORGE T. EBERLE

DOGS AGAINST DARKNESS: *The Story of The Seeing Eye.* By Dickson Hartwell. Dodd, Mead and Co. \$3

THERE are few readers in the United States who have not now heard of The Seeing Eye, the organization in Morristown, N. J., which breeds and trains dogs to guide the blind. But few know the inspiring history of that service's origin and development. It is told here in absorbing fashion. The Seeing Eye is the result of the courage and compassion and common sense of four extraordinary people: a woman, Mrs. Dorothy Harrison Eustis; and three men: Elliot S. (Jack) Humphrey, Willi Ebeling and Morris Frank.

Of these four, Dorothy Eustis "supplied the vision and most of the funds and energizing force that made The Seeing Eye possible"; Jack Humphrey contributed authoritative knowledge of shepherd dogs, great physical stamina, an unusually well-developed memory and talent for intelligent improvisation, as well as wide experience in the breeding and training of animals. Mr. Ebeling supplied sound business acumen as well as funds, and was "a Samaritan who would work all day and half the night to straighten out everybody else's problems." Morris Frank, though blind, rebelled against a life of routine pattern and pitied helplessness, and it was his dogged determination to win independence and his success with the first and one of the finest Seeing Eye dogs, Buddy, which introduced The Seeing Eye to the United States.

The painstaking methods by which the dogs are trained, the more difficult problem of training trainers, the way sponsorship and funds to establish and support the venture were obtained, the high principles and sane standards maintained by The Seeing Eye are all told without bravura, clearly and with a pardonable enthusiasm.

It is an engaging story, too, of the dogs themselves. Handsomely illustrated with thirty-two excellent photographs, the book will reward the reader with inspiration much more enduring than the information it contains.

R. F. GRADY

SABOTAGE! THE SECRET WAR AGAINST AMERICA. By Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kahn. Harper and Bros. \$2.50

WHOEVER reads *Sabotage!* will be impressed. It starts off with a swift punch to scare you and keeps slugging all the way. Before you get to the middle you feel there are spies all around and you begin wondering if the milkman doesn't carry lethal vials to season his morning deliveries.

This is exactly what the authors wanted. They feel we are asleep to grave danger and they should know, for they have studied sabotage and counter-sabotage for a long time.

To wake us up, they have culled from the records the chief persons serving as foreign agents witting, as Laura Ingalls, and unwitting, as United States Senators, and the main devilment of sabotage activity in recent years. They have placed these facts before us in a most alarming way. That is the main achievement of the book.

The second achievement is correlation. For example, the book gives in one passage the whole story of George Sylvester Viereck. Daily newspapers, however, have confused us with running accounts leaving us to wonder at each new appearance of the man's name: "Isn't he in jail yet?" or "I thought he went back on the Gripsholm."

When you read *Sabotage!* sit back in any easy chair and keep the big, broad outlook. Remember that America has spies in enemy countries, so it's somewhat a matter of tit for tat. Remember, too, that there are healthy American pranks without the ghost of a foreign agent. For example, last April in an Eastern airplane factory, a jokester wound a child's rubber ball with black friction tape until it became as large as a cantaloupe, attached a six-inch clothes-line and rolled his "bomb" down the aisle. He scared everyone and 500 manhours of work were lost.

JOSEPH HUTTLINGER

THE TURNING POINT. By Klaus Mann. L. B. Fischer. \$3

IN his autobiography Klaus Mann, son of Thomas Mann, wanted

to tell the story of an intellectual in the period from 1920 to 1940—a character who spent the best time of his life in a social and spiritual vacuum; striving for a true community but never finding it; disconnected, restless, wandering; haunted by those solemn abstractions in which nobody else believes—civilization, progress, liberty.

The somber story begins in Schwabing in 1906 and ends with a letter to a Selective Service Board, expressing an eagerness to join the United States forces, "even before my naturalization has actually taken place." This was the turning point and hence the time to examine the path covered, to measure its serpentine curves and paradoxical zigzags. The boy who realized at the age of twelve that he was living in monstrous times became an author, dramatic critic, playwright, actor, commentator and propagandist.

Today he is no longer consumed with the longing to be a professional spokesman and instructor of public opinion. For the first time in his life he wants to belong to the rank and file. He is avid for subordination—hankering for anonymity.

Every human life is at once unique and representative. Although limited in scope and molded by specific conditions, it yet transcends the range of its own prob-

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lems and objectives. This autobiography is significant because it holds a mirror up to the intellectual elite of the post-war era—the clique that was too preoccupied with sex and psychological issues to pay much attention to the Nazi writing on the wall. Maladjusted young liberals like Klaus wandered about lecturing on European culture, dallying with subtle jokes and lost in wistful reveries.

When the Nazi terror swept Germany, the intellectuals retreated to other countries and founded anti-Nazi periodicals. The tragedy deepened, for the majority eventually discovered that the only weapon they possessed to fight the barbarians was a sort of vague humanitarianism, or else a *potpourri* of Plato, Nietzsche and Whitman.

Today the post-war intellectuals are silent. And tomorrow? "All I believe in," says Klaus, "is the indivisible universal civilization to be created by man."

JOHN J. O'CONNOR

ASHES IN THE WILDERNESS. By William G. Schofield.
 Macrae-Smith Co. \$2.50

IT would scarcely be expected that a writer delving into the records of New England's worst disaster would find material for romance more momentous than the grim tragedy itself. In 1676, when King Philip let loose his Indian hordes on the Colonies, young men and young ladies, too, were forced to turn their thoughts seriously from the fanciful arrows of Cupid to the deadly realistic tomahawk and torch.

From their western camps in Northfield, the red fighters swarmed on their prey in a triple-pronged attack. Philip himself led the central thrust against the Massachusetts Colony. Anawan's raiders, swinging wide to the left, struck deep into the Plymouth region. The right flank under Canonchet hacked the inhabitants of Narragansett Country. Small bands of isolated defenders futilely resisting were cut down to the last man, and half a hundred villages from Duxbury to Kingstown went up in flame and smoke.

In the havoc of unequal conflict the persistent voice of Captain Ben Church clamored for a united militia to stem the tide of slaughter. The Duxbury woodsman's plan at length prevailing, a strong force from the three Colonies carried the war offensively, and successfully, against the Indians.

Trapped in their swampy encampments, the redskins fought back furiously. At Pocasset, at Taunton, and again at the Great Swamp of Kingstown, marvelously the thrice-cornered Philip eluded the encircling sack. But there was no escape from the assault on his sylvan stronghold at Pokanoket Neck, where a colonial bullet, fired by a disgruntled brave of his own tribe, toppled the mighty Sachem in the mud and terminated his long campaign of terror.

The book abounds with fighting sequences vividly described, but they by no means monopolize the tale. Not less memorable are the peaceful encounters of Ben Church and Roger Williams with Phillip, Canonchet and Fire Girl, the cherubic queen of the Sakonnets. Commendable, too, is the refreshingly decent love story of Christian Painter and Martina Randall, characters created by the author to express a phase of colonial life neglected by the documents of war. Excellent, in fine, is the verdict for this stirring piece of work.

MICHAEL J. HARDING

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, Contributing Editor, is well known to AMERICA (and other) readers for his articles, and in particular for his poetry.

FRANCIS J. GALLAGHER, S.J., has taught American History for a good period of years at Loyola High School, Baltimore. He reviews in this field exclusively for AMERICA.

THOMAS B. FEENEY, S.J., professor of English literature at Boston College, has authored many a poem, in particular a gem of a book of children's poems, *Ave Maria*.

THEATRE

VICKIE. There is the making of a good comedy in *Vickie*, the new offering by S. M. Herzig, produced at the Plymouth Theatre by Frank Mandel, but the opportunity has been thrown away. Instead of being good, the comedy has developed—probably during the inevitable re-writing and general mishandling which so frequently attend rehearsals—into a farce that is vulgar without being funny.

I can't find myself blaming the author for all of *Vickie's* ineptitudes. I know too well the types of producer and director who think the way to "pep up" a play is to throw a few shovelfuls of dirt here and there, and the types of theatrical hangers-on who ooze bad suggestions for "changes." These latter are still among the greatest menaces of the American theatre. I suspect that there must have been at least half a dozen of them in the foreground when *Vickie* was being rehearsed.

Few except the author, I fancy, know what the play was originally meant to be. It has all the ear-marks of irresponsible direction, bad taste and general ignorance of the possibilities of its theme.

But as it is offered to its audiences today, its leading characters are a young inventor and his wife, well played, when good acting is possible, by Uta Hagen and José Ferrer. The husband has invented a war machine. While he is trying to sell it to the government his wife goes in for first-aid, war-work in general and snappy uniforms. She and her nit-wit associates—and most of her associates are nit-wits—mistake for a spy the government agent whose purpose is to consider the husband's invention. The official is naturally annoyed by the various forms of mistreatment to which he is subjected, and there are numerous complications. This is the slender thread of plot.

There are many additional characters, some of them amusing and well acted. Madame Margaret Matzenauer, herself a professional prima donna, makes the most of her role as a prima-donna cook caroling as she labors, and Taylor Holmes gives us a nostalgic memory of his past excellent record by his impersonation of the frivolous husband of a uniformed wife. Charles Hatton as a business man with digestive trouble is a recognizable type who endures amusingly the maulings he gets from the women. Colette Lyons adds nicely to the decorative side of the show and Mildred Dunnock is a familiar feminine leader of good causes. Frank Coulan shows us an amusing airplane observer, none too steady on his porch perch. Ernest Glover's sets are worthy of more attention than they are likely to get, considering the bustle and noise on the stage.

But though there is incessant action going on, and though there are those around one who are vastly amused by all this, the cold truth remains that *Vickie* is far from the offering it should and could have been. The outstanding vulgarities of certain scenes give the effect of having been dropped in at the last minute in misguided and utterly unnecessary efforts to "pep up the show."

Mr. Ferrer, who will be remembered as the nephew of *Charlie's Aunt*, works so hard in his new role that he lays himself open to the serious charge of over-acting, whereas Miss Hagen, his wife in the play and also in private life, almost under-acts at times in a possible effort to tone down a bit the acting of her too pervasive husband.

Incidentally, we are told, Mr. Ferrer helped Mr. Mandel with the direction. He didn't help him enough. Mr. Mandel needed a great deal of help and needed it very much indeed. All of which is surprising when one considers his past good record both as a director and as a playwright.

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FILMS

MY SISTER EILEEN. A consensus of opinion finds this comedy of life in a Greenwich Village cellar as riotously funny as its famed stage predecessor. Fashioned from Ruth McKenney's stories that first saw light in the *New Yorker* magazine, Hollywood has threaded together a hilarious series of incidents in the lives of two Ohio girls who come to New York seeking careers. Because director Alexander Hall has paced it at break-neck speed, crammed it full of side-splitting dialog and gags, involving a rare assortment of Bohemians, the film is a constant laugh-fest and only the most captious audience would question its thin plot. Rosalind Russell brings all of her wit and sophistication to the role of the would-be author who finds inspiration through the adventures that befall her in the basement studio apartment. Between the strange neighborhood artists who invade the place with the same freedom that they would walk through Grand Central Terminal and her alluring, helpless sister, Eileen, the writer has more than enough material to satisfy the glib magazine editor who publishes it and who proves that Eileen has no monopoly on romance in the family. Brian Aherne and Janet Blair are two others in the long excellent cast. Everybody, from the stars down to the bit actors, contributes to the piece's merriment and makes each sequence ring with laughter. This frothy picture is recommended as a must on adult moviegoers' lists. (Columbia)

ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING. Those who saw *The Invaders* will recall it as gripping, superior film-fare. Now Michael Powell, who made it, has co-authored and directed another unforgettable episode in the saga of Britain's fighting men. Produced with the support of the Royal Air Force, the Air Ministry and the Royal Netherlands Government, this documentary record builds up suspense and sympathy as it tells of the hazards suffered by six British flyers who are forced to bail out of a bomber over Nazi-occupied Holland. Able to prove their identity to the loyal Dutch who befriend them, they are aided in an escape across country to the North Sea. Though the action is deliberate and unhurried, the drama built around combined efforts of the Dutch and English to outwit the Nazis is exciting and absorbing. Godfrey Tearle and Hugh Williams are among the superb cast. It is impossible in reviewing this production not to mention its magnificent photography. Shots of the Dutch countryside are eye-filling, beautiful panoramas. All of the *family* will be enthusiastic over this noteworthy picture. (United Artists)

MANILA CALLING. Its topical interest, rather than any production values, makes this melodrama passably diverting. Drama is built around the escapades of a group of radio engineers who, trapped in the Philippine invasion, fight a guerilla warfare against the Japanese. Phoney bits of business too often rob the picture of its realism. Lloyd Nolan heads the oddly assorted group of Americans portrayed. While not top-notch entertainment, a mature audience may find some satisfaction in its action and patriotic appeal. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

BUSES ROAR. The most unusual thing about this tale of sabotage is that the saboteur is a scared, nervous person who fails in his mission. A Japanese spy ring uses a bus as the scene of an attempt to bomb an important military area. The busload of passengers is involved in the proceedings which include spies and counter-spies. Richard Travis and Julie Bishop have the leading roles. Only those *adults* who are espionage-story addicts will find this worth their patronage. (Warner)

MARY SHERIDAN

CORRESPONDENCE

BELLOC AND THE BOOK-KEEPER

EDITOR: B. V.'s letter on Mr. O'Connor's review of Mr. Belloc and all his works sums up to this: because Mr. Belloc does not claim to be a historian, when he writes history he is not required to hold to the standards of the historian.

This reminds me of the bookkeeper whose hobby was surgery. He never claimed to be a surgeon, however. He had a peculiar *penchant* for developing arresting and thought-provoking techniques in practically any case where surgery might be indicated. After several friends had died under his knife he was hauled into court. Before sentence was pronounced on him a friend remarked: "You can't do this to him. Since he never claimed to be a surgeon he must not be held to the standards of the medical profession."

Mr. Belloc is a great and good man, a very model of a major-general in the Church Militant. And when he practises his true trade of journalist I read his stuff with close attention. On the other hand, when I want the truth about the past I will submit myself to the treatment of men who can be held to the rigorous discipline of the historical method. Let's have more from Mr. Belloc on the present, and more from Mr. O'Connor on the past.

St. Louis, Mo.

MARSHALL SMELSER

PENANCE PERFORMED

EDITOR: My article, *Catholic Progress in the Carolinas*, (AMERICA, September 26) contains a violent transition, an apparent contradiction, and some casual references to Newton Groves and to Sister Raphael which, in the absence of some identification, must have been perplexing if not meaningless to most of your readers—all this because, after my fourth paragraph, you omitted the following facts, which were, indeed, the *raison d'être* of the article:

The Sisters of Mercy at Belmont, N. C., have an excellent high school and junior college, more than half of whose students are Protestants; they also have a school for little boys; their hospitals at Charlotte and Asheville are among the best in the South, and need not fear comparison, for that matter, with any in the North. All these fruits of apostolic labor and self-sacrifice have broken down prejudice as no amount of preaching or writing, perhaps, could have done. At Newton Groves, a hundred miles east of Belmont, these Sisters have established a mission under hard and primitive conditions.

Surely the most interesting part of my article (to its writer, at least) was the account of how an obscure but well-loved country doctor in that most bigoted hamlet received some medicines, a few decades ago, wrapped in an old Catholic newspaper, which he read first with resentment but finally with such interest that he subscribed to it. Result: his conversion, and the conversion of a thousand persons to whom he preached as he drove about in his buggy, or whatever it was he drove about in.

For some reason I cannot explain, this remarkable missionary effort was followed up so badly that now there are only five hundred Catholics round about Newton Groves. The Redemptorists, however, are regaining the lost ground with a very active mission, seconded by the Sisters of Mercy from Belmont, who teach the children, both white and black. My information on this subject is fairly direct, for my own daughter has been one of the teachers. In Newton Groves the Sisters are often insulted publicly, and store-keepers

will not sell to them, or put prohibitive prices on common articles. I added that the prejudice would disappear there, as it has in Belmont. I stressed the part played in all this by Sister Raphael, who left her home in Ireland years ago to work three thousand miles away in a country she had never seen. In the community over which this indomitable woman presided until last Spring, a disciplined joyousness was always discernible. Her successor, Sister Maura, is a woman after her own heart. Among their greatest crosses are two: the strange unwillingness of Catholic women's colleges in the North to give scholarships to their Sisters, and the scarcity of vocations, which obviously must come, for the most part, from the North.

Your make-up editor will now understand, perhaps, the full enormity of his crime. For his penance let him publish this letter; and for his reward I dare say he will have the prayers of many good women.

Larchmont, N. Y.

WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH

The make-up editor has performed his penance, and, we hope, made atonement to the good Sisters of the South. If William Thomas Walsh ever commits a crime of equal magnitude (God forbid!) we suggest, as an almost excessive penance, that he take the job of make-up editor on a weekly magazine for one week (once). Ed.

MONSIGNOR CASHIN

EDITOR: The article by Henry C. Watts, in the issue for October 3, on the origin in this country of the "Red Mass," celebrated at the opening of the Fall term of the courts, is so good that I hesitate to express anything but my admiration. But by some strange oversight, Mr. Watts failed to include the name of the American founder of this beautiful ceremony. I hasten to make good that omission by *ad rei memoriam* saluting the Rt. Rev. William E. Cashin, pastor of the Church of Saint Andrew in the city of New York.

Monsignor, who won fame as chaplain for many years at Sing Sing prison, "works both sides of the street," if I may be permitted to quote the argot of the underworld. He is the friend and counsellor (but never the "easy touch") of the ex-convict who is trying to go straight. He is also the friend and counsellor of members of the Bar, to the end that these learned gentlemen may continue to go straight.

Why, O why, Mr. Watts, in discussing Hamlet did you forget to mention Hamlet?

New York, N. Y.

JOHN WILTBYE

THE RED MASS

EDITOR: I am humbled to the dust, in which my flowing tears even now are making little puddles, at the thought that my aged friend Mr. John Wiltbye should most properly have rebuked me for having neglected to mention Monsignor Cashin as the inaugurator of the Red Mass for judges and lawyers in New York. But Mr. Wiltbye should have exposed the whole of my iniquity. He should have told that it was my most distinguished friend, Father Paul L. Blakely, S.J., Associate Editor of AMERICA, who preached the sermon at that first Red Mass; that it was Father Blakely who preached the sermon when Monsignor Cashin (*quem Deus conservet*) was invested with the *pontificalia* of a Monsignor; that it was Father Blakely who conducted the first retreat of the Catholic Lawyers' Guild. Come, come, Mr. Wiltbye: don't let Shakespeare get away with his "old men forget."

New York, N. Y.

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PARADE

EACH week unveils mishaps which are symptomatic of the present fallen state of mankind. . . . Last week was no exception. . . . The Minister of Public Health in Chile resigned on account of ill health. . . . In Boston, a nattily dressed inebriate lay asleep all night in a railroad station, with a white envelope containing \$2,230 protruding from his pocket. In spite of the axiom: "A fool and his money are soon parted," the envelope was not stolen. . . . An Iowa police dog, noted for trailing robbers, suddenly and unaccountably became a robber himself. The canine began tearing handbags from a number of women and running off with the bags. A widespread police hunt for this new type of purse-snatcher was launched. . . . A soldier wrote two letters—one to his girl friend, one to his aunt. The letter intended for the girl friend went to the aunt, the one for the aunt to the girl friend. The letter to the aunt (which went to the girl friend) disclosed the information that he was not too enthusiastic about said girl friend. He promptly received a communication from the girl to the general effect that his lack of enthusiasm was heartily reciprocated. . . . For the first time in history, a Chicago court-room was the scene of an operation, when a bullet was removed from the leg of a gunman charged with murder. The thirty-eight caliber bullet constituted evidence sought by the police for a month. The gunman explained he waited until he got into court to have the bullet extracted because he "didn't want those coppers switching bullets on me." . . . While her husband was away from a Far West ranch, a wife encountered a series of misfortunes. . . . First, her automobile, which was not insured, burned. Then her horses ran away, throwing her from a mower. While she was being treated for the injuries sustained in this accident, sheep ruined a great part of her wheat field. Home again, she took a stroll and was bitten by a rattlesnake. . . .

All these misadventures and other similar ones cannot be characterized as constituting the worst consequences of Original Sin. . . . But they are bad enough and the world would be a much happier place if they did not occur. . . . What a marvelous world this would be today but for that first sin. . . . If that sin had not been committed, no Minister of Public health would be resigning today because of poor health, since there would not be any Bureaus of Public Health. . . . Everybody would be healthy without the aid of Bureaus. . . . There would be no thousands of drunks lying on park benches or in railroad stations, for man's appetites would be completely and easily dominated by will and intellect. . . . Because of this facile domination, there would be no need for police or courts. Hence we would not see ex-police dogs going around snatching purses or gunmen having bullets taken out of their legs in court-rooms. . . . Horses would not be throwing women from mowers. . . . Rattlesnakes would not bite women or children. They would not even bite men. . . . No soldier would speak slightly of his girl friend even in a letter intended for his aunt. There would be too much charity in everyone for that. And if, for the sake of argument, we might suppose an isolated individual here and there to do such a thing, his mind would be too alert to allow the missive to fall into the girl friend's hands. The letter would go to the aunt. . . . Moreover, there would not be any soldiers. . . . There would be no hostility between man and beast. . . . The term *wild beast* would be unknown.

Greater than all these things, however, would be the complete absence of something else. . . . There would be no death. . . . This earthly life without death is difficult for us to picture. . . . But that's what earthly life would have been like, but for Original Sin. JOHN A. TOOMEY

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Runners-up for the past month include: *This War Is the Passion*—Houslander, with 13 votes and *Down the Days*—Bonn, with the same; *Dark Symphony*—Adams, 8 votes; *The Emancipation of a Freethinker*—Cory, 7 votes; *Fear Not, Little Flock*—Zimpfer, with 6. This general view of the reading habits of Catholics is published once a month.

TEN

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Westminster, Md.—Newman Bookshop	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	
Wichita—Cath. Rental Library	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	
Wilmingon—Diocesan Library	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	
Winnipeg, Can.—F. J. Tonkin Co.	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	

Runners-up for the past month include: *This War Is the Passion*—Houslander, with 13 votes and *Down the Days*—Bonn, with the same; *Dark Symphony*—Adams, 8 votes; *The Emancipation of a Freethinker*—Cory, 7 votes; *Fear Not, Little Flock*—Zimpfer, with 6. This general view of the reading habits of Catholics is published once a month.



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